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Vol. CLXXIII No. 2264 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 12 1943

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Volume CLXXIII No. 2264 The SPHERE, London, June 12, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE THUNDERBOLT: THE NEW AMERICAN HIGH-ALTITUDE FIGHTER which has been proved to be a match for the Nazi F.W. 190, the best the enemy has yet produced. Here a formation of six are seen in battle formation over Britain

The latest American single-seat fighter, the Republic P.47—known as the Thunderbolt—has been in operation from bases in this country for some time, it was recently announced. It is the largest and heaviest single-seat fighter in the world, and its pilots have given favourable reports of its terrific diving speed and effective control during aerial manœuvre. This is the aircraft which was dived at an estimated speed of 725 m.p.h. (almost the speed of sound) during trials in America. The Thunderbolt was specially designed as a high-altitude fighter: despite its weight of 13,500 lb. (over 6 tons!) it is capable of reaching a height of 40,000 ft. (or over seven miles); its top speed in level flight is rated at above 400 m.p.h. The engine is a Pratt and Whitney radial of 2,000 h.p., fitted with a turbo supercharger. For armament the Thunderbolt has eight 0·500-in. calibre machine-guns, which give a total rate of fire of 6,400 rounds a minute. In a series of recent operations they have shot down several of the German crack F.W. 190s

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 197

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Churchill Returns Home

—The nation heaved its customary sigh of relief to hear on June 5 that the Premier was home again after his travels. Even for magic carpets, whether they take the air or skim the waves, there are risks of enemy intervention, and we still obstinately cling to the idea that Mr. Churchill is at the moment irreplaceable, and lacks only one quality as leader in time of trouble and danger; and that is immortality. Because of that omission on the part of his cradle-fairies, we are always looking round for a successor (in case Time or chance should cause such a national calamity as would require a successor); but, at the time of writing, we have sought in vain. He is on the bridge again and we are greatly relieved, and hope he intends to remain on duty there for a longish trick. There should be plenty of work for him in this particular watch, and in many watches to come. For indeed it is a time for greatness, and everywhere big-hearted, big-minded men are at a premium, and never so necessary on the bridge. For here, only in a lesser degree than in America, small men and narrow views often threaten to slow down the Allied effort just at the time when its full intensity is most necessary, if civilisation is to be saved in the nick of time. *Il faut en finir*—this year, for choice. This war has gone on too long and there are clear signs now that Time is no one's friend or ally. The evils of war are coming to a head with cumulative force.

. . . Bar the Shouting?—

In England it is in the majority of its *Sunday* newspapers that journalistic imagination most wildly runs riot. On the last Sunday of May, I read one of the "tuppence-coloured" variety. On the evidence of its letterpress, it was clear that day that the war is over, bar the shouting (or squealing). On the evidence of facts, no such happy, coloured inference may yet be drawn. My own sober Sunday paper, indeed, though restrainedly hopeful, clearly conceived that the war is still "on" and likely to continue for some time to come. And that is my view also. There is, however, this to be said for the heady exuberance of the "tuppence-coloured." If its conclusions were based on no sifted evidence and had, indeed, no firm foundation on known facts, those conclusions were drawn from a chain of circumstantial evidence which, if the chain had been longer and if *all* its links had been examined and passed as pointers to the same conclusions, might have afforded to a trained lawyer by no means contemptible proofs. In short, even that heady Sunday newspaper's wild exuberance gave me sober confidence instead of a sense of annoyance and contempt; *because*, three months ago, even the wildest and most reckless sensation-monger of our Press could not have conceived or dared an optimism so exhilarating or a confidence so supreme. In a word, there were at the end of May a very large number of straws to indicate that the wind is blowing in a very favourable direction for the Allies and that sudden and pleasant surprises cannot be ruled out, though they must not be relied on. And this is a really new experience in the war.

Excusable Optimism.—

No, there is more than shouting still in it. The time for hallooing is not yet. But he would be a pessimist of the curmudgeon breed who failed at the end of May to count the blessings of glorious June. The change of scene is so far-reaching, the new spirit of certainty so unshakable, the hints and straws and pointers from every direction and in every direction, physical, psychological, historical and geographical and mathematical, so many, so clear, so convincing. In a night, the Axis has become what we have striven one day to make it—rats in a trap, dangerous, ruthless, dare-all enemies not to be underrated; but rats at last. Of a sudden, the pattern of what we have planned and worked for in blind resolve and often in blind faith (shaken sometimes by doubts) has come clearly out, like a developed film. We perceive its scope, its bigness, its aims, its far-reaching implications. The great strategic plans of the Allies now interlace, the jigsaw is fitted together. Some pieces were dovetailed painfully by men working in close association, others now fit into their place by more oblique methods of agreement. The finished picture ranges from ocean to ocean, continent to continent. Wherever the Axis powers stand to be attacked, plans to attack them are ready or in action. Everywhere there is an awakening for the final scene, long as it may be. Hope raises its head in the enslaved countries. France will soon be France eternal again, a great ally of liberty. The Nazi fans are seeking cover in the hedges, and freedom creeps out to feel the sun.

AN AMERICAN INVASION EXPERT: Brigadier-General Daniel Noce, Chief of the United States Army Engineer Amphibious Corps, who has just been appointed by President Roosevelt as Combined Operations Expert of the United States General Staff in the European Theatre. He is seen at the U.S. Army Headquarters in London just after his arrival in this country. In a recent broadcast Brigadier-General Noce spoke highly of the Allied air power and referred to it as the first phase of the invasion of Nazi-held Europe

"Bombing Dates."—

I feel that every journalist who writes for a journal which is read in neutral countries has a duty to propagate Mr. Morrison's careful and documented statement on the origins of the bombing of civilians and of cities in this war. (The *fons et origo* were, of course, the Zeppelin raids of the first World War. "Simple murder, and the Germans very proud of it," was the comment of King George V. in his private diary at the time.) The present squeals of the Nazis are, of course, quite patently the squeals of the bully (mean at heart), whose victim has turned on him and bloodied his nose for a change. Every schoolboy knows that. Nevertheless, both sides have in this war clearly been conscience-conscious about this awful, hideous weapon, and Goebbels has usually ascribed the bombing of British cities in the great Blitz to "justified reprisals" for the R.A.F.'s little sorties on Rhineland cities after the Nazi destruction of Rotterdam and the shooting-up of civilians and cities in Belgium and France. That future historians will closely and anxiously examine the origins of bombing in years to come is certain. (For they will be writing history for peoples in whose view bombing from the air will be an unimaginable barbarism.) These, then, are Mr. Morrison's vital dates: March, 16, 1940: Nazis dropped bombs on Orkney; civilian casualties. March 18, 1940: We replied with bombs on Sylt (result unknown). May 9, 1940: First bombs on mainland of Britain, near Canterbury. May 11, 1940: First bombs on German mainland among Nazi troops assulting Holland and Belgium. Neither side was keen to begin. Britain was always two days behind. General Zander's broadcast on the German radio on *August* 6, 1940, clearly reveals how the Nazis, as they realised their air supremacy and the enormous opportunity it gave them to knock us out in our defenceless state, said: "German bombers will be employed with concentrated effect and in continuous waves. The effect obtained by them has already been demonstrated in towns such as Warsaw, Rotterdam and Dunkirk." There was no official Nazi démenti of Zander's pronouncement. He was not ungummed for his intemperance. His address, on the contrary, was warmly received by the Nazis, and caused shock and worry and anxiety in Britain. It stimulated, and even delighted, the fat burgesses of Berlin (as some of them, less fat now, even now recall ruefully). His words are worthy of record. The murderers of Abyssinia, of Guernica, of Warsaw, of Rotterdam, of London, Coventry, Plymouth, are squealing now. Let them squeal. They are learning what Britain and France had bitterly learned at last in (or before) 1918, that war is all evil and can never pay, win or lose; and also that older truth that he who takes up the sword shall infallibly perish by it. And that lesson for Germans, when finally learned, is the supreme aim and chief victory to be carved out of this world war and world-agony. And may misguided "neutrals," who so unneutrally and so long flattered Nazism (while it was strong and victorious), and so consistently derided and insulted Britain, and who now look down their noses at the "barbarians" who are making modern war, learn the lesson also; remembering how gladly they employed Nazi and Fascist brutality for their own ends and how complacently they accepted such brutality when it fell on the Allies, and was used by the victorious Axis powers, whose victory was a foregone conclusion. Bombing is bestial, but cant and hypocrisy are more bestial, and whining from the throats of bullies most bestial.

The Sine Qua Non.—

I have noted in a preceding paragraph how (as it seemed to me), at the end of May, suddenly the vast, vague, unshaped pattern of the Allies' gigantic effort to smash the Nazi terror and to punish its crimes, took shape and definite and logical form at last, like a photographic plate in the developing dish. Or how, like a blueprint of an elaborate machine, explained by a master of mechanism, we saw at last the point and function of every smallest nut and bolt in that unit of 10,000 parts, assembled from 1,000 workshops. It would be odd if any sentient man, observing for the first time that machine doing its work, every wheel moving in oil and in co-ordination, did not reflect upon the vast labour that created it and the vast expense that its use has entailed, and, totting up the astronomical millions of money which it eats and has eaten, did not ruefully reflect what those millions, or a fraction of them, might not have attained, if used not for destruction, but for the betterment of human beings and advances in social service, health, education, diet, housing, culture. That reflection might well plunge any thinking man into disillusionment and unspeakable sadness—if he carried his reasoning no further. Yet the very next stage of reasoning, based on historical evidence, must bring him a measure of comfort. If a tithe of those millions had been wisely spent on the betterment of human life, on decent cities and houses, on education and culture, on health and hospitals, safe roads and green belts, plentiful harvests and work and livelihood for all, on pensions for old age and ill-health, and all the rest of the social reformer's wildest dreams . . . what then? Should we have built a new Jerusalem at a tenth of the cost of paying the price of a generation of political apathy and of social selfishness? NO. For all those hopeful seeds must have fallen on barren ground. Money, well spent and in millions, could not have wiped out that deficit nor washed our hands white. Clean houses, clear water, wholesome food, are of no avail to a body self-poisoned. And nothing short of the major operation of world-suffering could have restored that body to health. Only after intense trial and suffering could the change of heart be accomplished; and only in a political and social system based on religion can such seed be sown hopefully and germinate successfully. How right were Chesterton and Belloc and others of their kind in stressing in all their writings that eternal, inexorable truth. The tithe of all these expended war-millions would have been more certainly wasted than the ten-times greater expenditure we are paying for our apathy and selfishness. Our £14,000,000 a day spent for four long years of agony are *not* wasted, though they are a peak price to pay for a major operation. But not too high, if it succeed. At the moment we cannot say if it has (or will). The patient survives, this present stage is hopeful, the permanent cure remains uncertain. Has our change of heart come to stay? Have we learned the bitter lesson of the sine qua non of political and social existence, national and international? The basis of religion. Time will show.

THE OLD STAGER

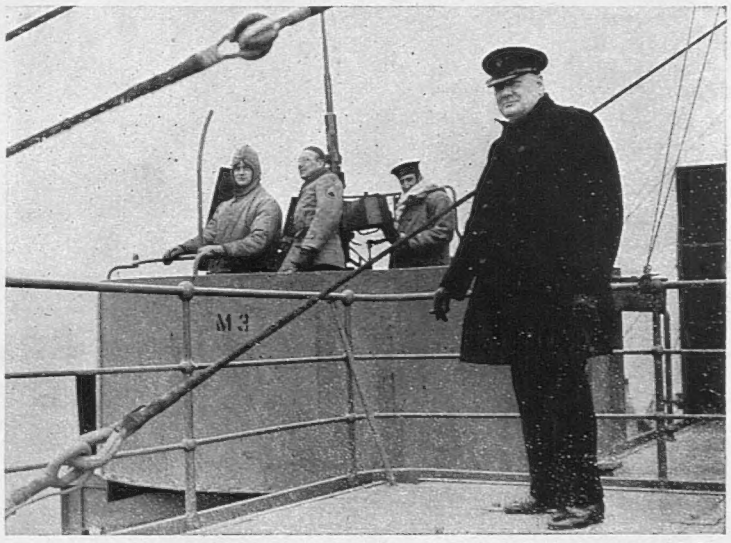
MR. CHURCHILL'S VISIT TO THE U.S.

First Pictures of the Prime Minister's Journey by Sea to Washington for the Great Allied Conference in the American Capital

THE PRIME MINISTER ON THE BRIDGE OF THE BATTLESHIP DURING THE CROSSING. Sometimes during the journey he went to the bridge to talk with the Captain; at other times he took a turn along the deck. His meals were served in his own cabin

ARRIVAL IN AMERICA: The Prime Minister gives the Victory sign in reply to the good wishes of the sailors and airmen aboard as he disembarks from the ship in which he crossed to America

IN THE TENDER WHICH TOOK THE PRIME MINISTER FROM THE BATTLESHIP TO THE SHORE. With a broad smile on his face, Mr. Churchill looks up at the cheering crew of the battleship. Next him is Mr. Harry Hopkins, and Admiral Adolphus Andrews, of the U.S. Navy (with gold-braided cap)

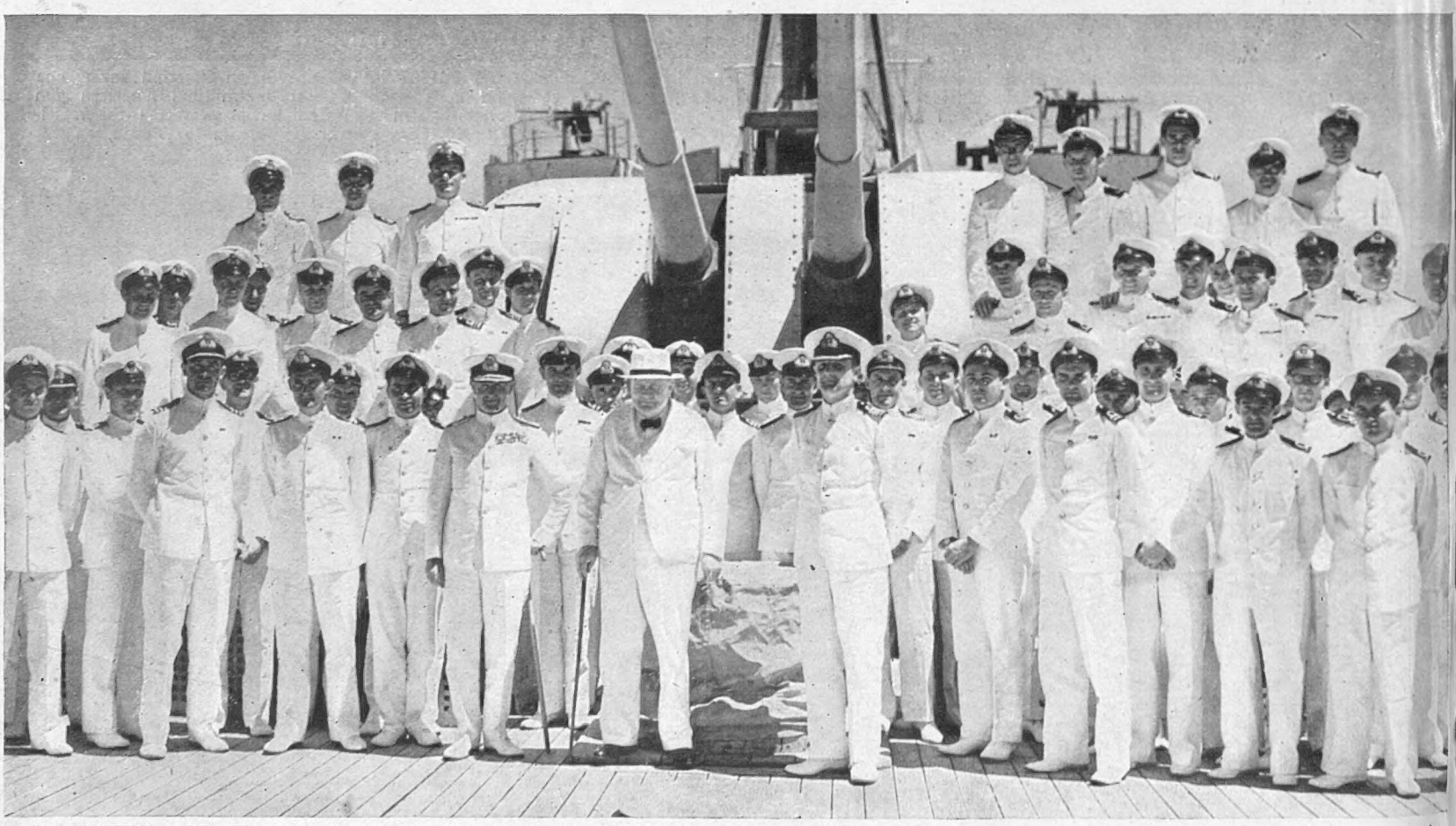


ON BOARD HIS BATTLESHIP: Mr. Winston Churchill during one of his walks on deck near a joint British and American gun crew. Mixed crews drawn from both Navies protected the vessel during her voyage across the ocean to Washington

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN MR. CHURCHILL AND THE BRITISH CHIEFS OF STAFF IN THE PRIME MINISTER'S CABIN aboard the battleship during its crossing to America. Mr. Churchill is wearing his well-known "siren suit": from left to right around the Conference table are Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal (Chief of Air Staff); Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound (First Sea Lord); General Sir Alan Brooke (C.I.G.S.); and Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell (on right)

Mr. Churchill's Visit to the U.S. and North Africa *(cont.)*

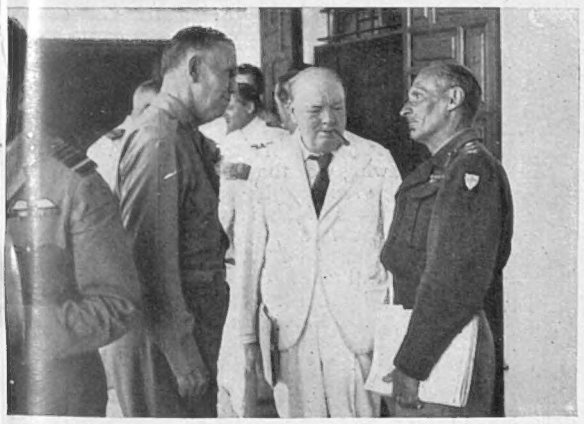
A GROUP OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE POSED IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. Seated in the centre of this group are Mr. Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt. Behind them, from left to right, are the following—Field-Marshal Sir John Dill (Head of the British Military Mission to the U.S.); Lieut.-General Hastings Ismay (Deputy Secretary to the War Cabinet); Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal (Chief of Air Staff); General Sir Alan Brooke (Chief of the Imperial General Staff); Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound (First Sea Lord); Admiral William D. Leahy (U.S. Navy, Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt); General George C. Marshall (Chief of Staff, U.S. Army); Admiral Ernest J. King (Chief of Naval Operations, U.S. Navy); and Lieut.-General J. T. McNarney (of the General Staff of the U.S. Army)



IN NORTH AFRICA: MR. CHURCHILL THANKS THE SUBMARINE MEN DURING HIS BRIEF VISIT TO TUNISIA: A group picture showing the Prime Minister and the C.-in-C. with the officers of the submarine depot ship (who specially requested this picture) and British submarine commanders

Under a hot African sun, and in climatic conditions which might have deterred another man, Mr. Churchill, during his visit to North Africa after the termination of the Washington Conference, paid a lightning visit to a submarine depot ship to thank the men of the Submarine Service for the wonderful part they have played in the war. His visit was short, but he found time to inspect the guard of honour, walk among the crews, thank each submarine commanding officer and address the ship's company. Later he sat among the officers while a photograph was taken to commemorate the visit which, although lasting only one hour, will always be remembered by the officers and men, for their ship was the only one visited by the Prime Minister during his brief call at that North African port. On Mr. Churchill's right in this picture is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, the British Naval Commander-in-Chief

THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE ALLIED PLANNING CONFERENCE IN NORTH AFRICA. An exclusive picture taken at Allied Force Headquarters during the occasion of the Conference with the Fighting Chiefs of Great Britain and the U.S. over which Mr. Churchill presided. From left to right are Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary; General Sir Alan Brooke; Air Chief-Marshal Tedder; Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham; General Sir Harold Alexander; General George C. Marshall (U.S.A.); General Eisenhower (U.S. Commander-in-Chief); and General Montgomery



A GROUP AT THE NORTH AFRICA PLANNING CONFERENCE: General George Marshall (of the U.S. Army), who accompanied the Premier to Tunisia, talking to General Montgomery, of the Eighth Army

MR. CHURCHILL CALLS AT GIBRALTAR. With Lieut.-General F. N. Mason MacFarlane, Governor and Commander-in-Chief. Note the "wings" which the Prime Minister now wears with his R.A.F. uniform

BACK IN LONDON AFTER AN ABSENCE OF NEARLY A MONTH: The Prime Minister is greeted with smiles on every hand as he takes his first walk in Whitehall after his visits to Washington, Tunisia and Gibraltar

MUSSOLINI SCRAPES UP AN ARMY OF DEFENCE

Whilst the Duce Ranted and Stormed and Boasted, Fascism Went Bankrupt Militarily: Now the Menace of Invasion is Growing Ever Closer and More Threatening!

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE same Mussolini who once figuratively raised 8,000,000 bayonets to the sky in menace to Europe at large, and to France in particular, is to-day reduced to scrounging man-power in desperate defence of Italy herself. This is written not with the intention of belittling either the numbers Italy may be able to pit against invasion, or the likely demeanour of such troops, but in order to emphasise a matter that is weighing more in influential Italian circles than comment here would lead one to suppose—namely, the exposure of Fascism as having proved militarily disastrous.

One can well believe the stories of Italian officers swearing that whatever else happens in the future, military strength shall be acquired by Italy, since the plain, historic fact is that Mussolini and his Blackshirt geniuses utterly failed to produce a military power consonant with their strutting, antagonising and final challenging of other countries; and that in the testing crucible of war itself neither leadership nor warlike spirit was apparent in anything like adequate quantities.

By pursuing his own hopelessly faulty assessment of the military and moral worth of other nations, and by identifying himself helter-skelter with the Nazi expansionist lunacy, Mussolini showed himself lacking in political strategy before the war began. He made things worse by beginning his war at least two years sooner than the rate of Italian war production allowed, with the result that Italy is now short of weapons, munitions, of everything with which hostilities are waged. And he capped matters by such a light-headed strategy and conduct of the war that eighty of a total of one hundred Italian divisions had been squandered or were committed outside Italy when the hour of that country's mortal peril struck.

Many effectives are being rushed back to Italy from the Balkans. New levies of youth and of previously reserved or rejected men are being assembled. It may well be that a round 1,500,000 men are already available for the national defence. Nothing alters the deadly picture that Marshal Mussolini has wrought.

Five armies have been lost in East Africa, in Libya and Tunisia, and in Russia.

The dissolution of Fascist militarism in East Africa principally concerned 200,000 native prisoners—I have not the number of white troops dissolved along with them. But the names of twenty-six Italian divisions were recently published as having been liquidated in North Africa between June 1940, and May 1943, and among these formations were the best armoured troops that Italy possessed. Thirdly, of the ten divisions sent to Russia, about 80,000 men are said to have been repatriated last winter, weary, disillusioned troops, a high proportion belonging to the non-combatant services, and many since listed as politically unreliable as a result of their Russian trip.

So much for approximately forty Italian divisions.

A further forty divisions (or thereabouts) were committed to the holding down of foreign countries amid the bitter loathing of the rightful owners, and the majority of these formations are still so engaged. Indeed, their continued forced absence makes it unlikely that much more than twenty divisions and a million unreliable, second-line troops and Blackshirt Militia can be presented for the defence of Italy, Sardinia and Sicily, and on Crown Prince Humbert's own testimony, not even the trained divisions have adequate weapons.

Marshal Mussolini's strategy and conduct of the war have led to this damning condition: while Italy's surviving divisions are strung out over some 4000 miles, from Geneva, via Toulon, to Sicily, up to Trieste and down through the Balkans and the Aegean to Rhodes, a victorious Allied host is poised just outside Italy, ready to spring at her vitals.

In France, seven or eight Italian divisions took over all territory east of a line drawn from Mentone to Toulon-Avignon - Valence - Grenoble - Chambéry - Geneva. The full occupying force only quite recently settled in, when it had completely in its grasp the three Alpine departments (Maritime, Low and High), the Var, the two Savoy departments, and part of the Vaucluse and Drome departments.

The bulk of the troops form the Fourth Army and hold the Riviera country against suspected Eisenhower invasion schemes. Here are some of the surviving armoured units so badly needed in Italy itself. It need hardly be said that the French are contemptuously bitter when not seething to act, and that the Italians have to guard everything, not least the slender and exposed road and rail communications which were recognised by the French General Staff as the weak point of Riviera defence. Running near the coast, the highway and main line—the latter rich in bridges, viaducts and tunnels—offer prime attractions to wreckers and raiders, which may, in part, account for the clearance twenty miles back from the coast of all males not deemed to be entirely under the invaders' thumb.

One hears that the Germans rate the Riviera very highly for "fortress" purposes, and that they are relieving Italians there instead of themselves going as reinforcements to Italy. Yet it is hard to believe that Mussolini will accept the bitter ignominy of withdrawing to any extent from Southern France, where he arrived only a short while ago as intending annexationist, until actual invasion of Italy compels him to

Next, Corsica. The Italians must hold Corsica strongly or they might as well quit without waiting for attack. Not only is the island French—like North Africa, of invasion triumph—but severe bombing of its main base, Leghorn, will interrupt any later attempted reinforcing. Seized Corsica should absorb not less than the equivalent of two Italian divisions.

Sardinia and Sicily are militarily parts of continental Italy, and, as such, do not come into this picture of troops Mussolini has squandered or tied down outside Italy. Report says that each island has been reinforced, and that up to eight divisions are involved, on the principle that Sardinia and Sicily must hold off an Allied penetration of the mainland. Failure to fulfil this shielding role might lead to the surrender at least of South Italy after a token resistance.

Rounding the "shoe" and "heel" of Italy, and proceeding up the Italian side of the Adriatic, the traveller would encounter the main effect of Mussolini's rapid scrounging of a defence army, for it is through places like bombed Bari and Foggia, and maybe ports like Ancona, further north, that he is bringing back as many troops as he dare from the Balkans.

Until the moment of crisis, Italian forces of occupation were scattered over an immense expanse—roughly, 1000 miles from Croatia to Crete. They penetrated deeply eastwards, holding down insurgent Jugoslavs and Greeks. Something like twenty divisions were in these two countries alone, but they were never strong formations, and lately averaged not more than half the strength of a normal division. Other under-strength divisions held down Slovenes and Croats in the north, Albanians in the centre, and islanders of the Ionian and Aegean Seas. Nowhere have the Italians been in the remotest degree accepted. Rather has the general mood been one of sullen or bitter enmity. The Italian troops' morale, never high, suffered severely consequent on the Tunisian disaster, which enormously excited the patriots of all these occupied lands. Slovenes, Croatians, Dalmatians, Serbs, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Albanians, Greeks and Aegeans—all are now on tip-toe, playing the merry devil with the Italians' nerves while Mussolini is thinning out his effectives, a tricky business even in good conditions.

Mussolini once hoped to rule the Balkans and Aegean. Even after he threw in his lot with Hitler, he still aspired to a wide stake in these regions. As he withdraws his garrisons from the coveted places, impelled to do so by the bitter plight of Italy itself, how grievous for him must be the handing over to Germans, Bulgars and Hungarians. What a hope he has of ever being readmitted to the Balkans on an equality by this trio!

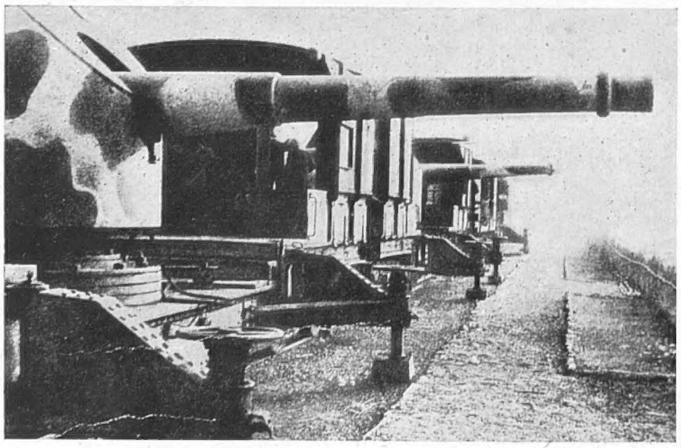
The Duce is said to be withdrawing to the Dalmatian coast. But even here he will require many divisions if he is to hold off the patriot forces, now fired by the thought of a gravely menaced Italy. He will still have garrisons to maintain in hostile surroundings as far north as Fiume, as far south as the Dodecanese, and all the way between.

Mussolini's partial withdrawal from the Balkans may not give him so many troops as the number of his divisions there might suggest. Not only are these divisions gravely under strength and poorly equipped, but a significant reflection on the state of their morale is to be found in the nature of the troops first withdrawn to Italy. These were not trained Army formations, but the Blackshirt battalions of General Galibati, Chief of Staff of the Italian Militia. In Italy's hour of need, the Duce first sent for Blackshirts from the Balkans, and as this Militia has behaved notoriously poorly in battle, save right at the end in Tunisia, it is fair to assume that Blackshirts are wanted in Italy as much to cow the population as to face an Allied invasion.

Yes, Marshal of the (late) Empire Benito Mussolini is finding this scrounging of a defence army no easy matter. The 8,000,000 bayonets that he once shook at the sky are being brought down most rudely to earth.

One does not forget how well Aosta's Third Army fought in the worst hours of the last war. We may see a repetition of that stamina should Italy be invaded. Yet I am inclined to doubt it. There were no bombs raining down on Italy in Aosta's day.

A TORTOISE IN THE "ATLANTIC WALL": This is part of the "Iron Ring around Europe," according to the Germans. It is a low-turret gun mounted in the middle of a street in Occupied France: "It can fire at anyone who dares put foot on this land from the sea"



BIG MOBILE ITALIAN GUNS which have been rushed up to the coast in readiness for the forces of the Allied Nations, which are expected to arrive at "any time now"

BOMBERS OVER PANTELLARIA : This picture shows the island's airfield : below the Bostons are columns of black smoke indicating two big oil fires. The landing ground is almost obscured by the smoke of bursting bombs. At the far end of the airfield can be seen the entrances to the underground hangars and workshops in the side of the hill (marked by arrows)

ITALY'S FORTRESS in the MEDITERRANEAN

The "mysterious Island of Pantellaria" which has now been cut off from the mainland by the Royal Navy and by Allied bombers

—A British Official photograph

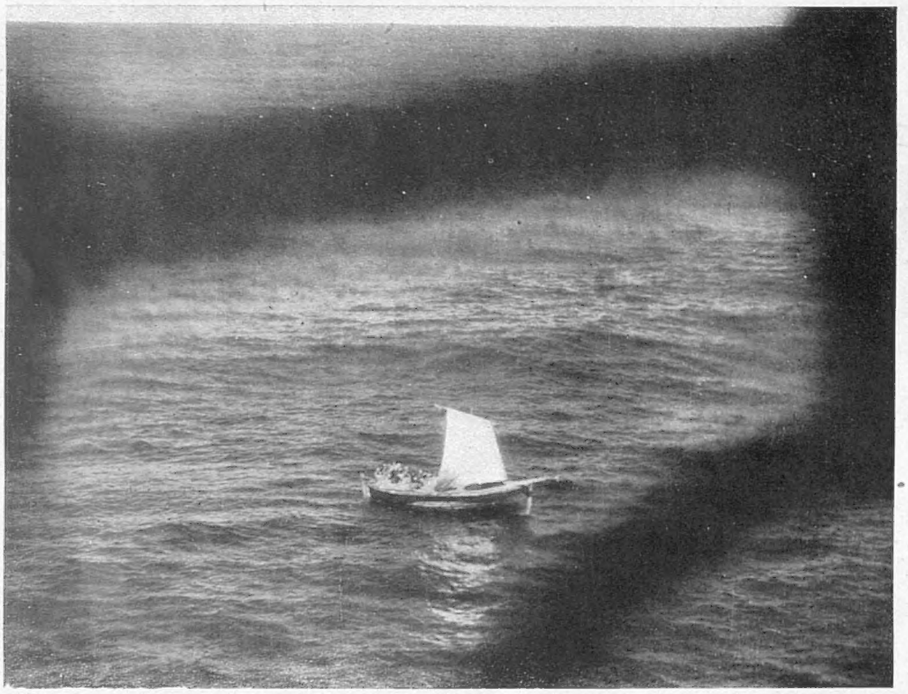
Pantellaria has always been described as Mussolini's "Island Stronghold": it lies midway between Malta and the North African coast in the Sicilian Narrows—therefore its subjugation is necessary. Long before the war, it was developed as an aircraft, naval and submarine base: frequently Mussolini boasted of its importance. The exact nature of its military development has always been kept a secret, because the visits of foreigners were not permitted and descriptions of its strength were not allowed. To-day it is being battered as few islands have ever been battered: it has been bombed from the air, shelled by the Royal Navy—and again bombed and shelled. It is reported that it has now been entirely cut off from Italy and that its garrison has been ordered to stand by for "an imminent Allied invasion": the Italian Fleet has been made ready to sail—probably to the great satisfaction of the Royal Navy which has never given up hope of engaging that nebulous force despite its hitherto never-failing modesty. It is known that many of the defensive works on Pantellaria are well concealed. The Allied air and naval bombardments may have already affected these, nevertheless!

IN PERIL ON THE SEAS . . .

New and Dramatic Pictures of Rescues in the Atlantic

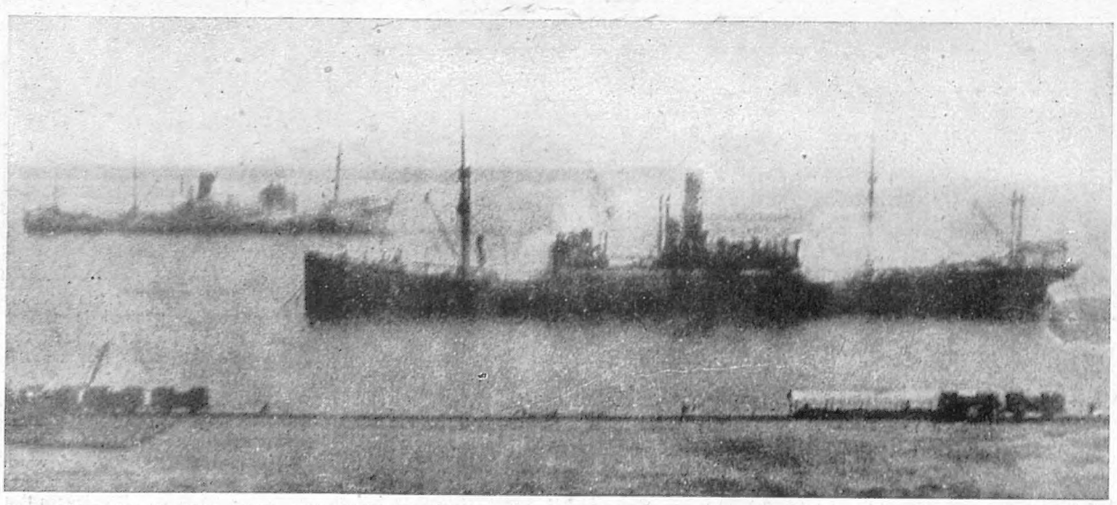
THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC. British seamen huddle in their half-swamped lifeboat as a U.S. Coastguard cutter draws near. A moment later the cutter detected a German submarine in the vicinity and attacked it (See next picture)

ADRIFT ON A RAFT AND AWAITING RESCUE BY THE U.S. COAST-GUARD CUTTER: Weak from exposure and half-frozen, these three British merchant seamen have just caught a rope thrown to them from a combat cutter of the U.S. Coastguard which had drawn alongside to rescue them. Other survivors from their torpedoed vessel were saved from a half-swamped lifeboat (see upper left picture) and additional small rafts. At the moment when these sailors thought their rescue was assured, the cutter located a U-boat in the vicinity and was forced to abandon them and attack. Then the cutter returned and completed the rescue



SURVIVORS OF A TORPEDOED NORWEGIAN SHIP ARE SIGHTED BY A HALIFAX: Later they were rescued by the Royal Navy. Making way under sail at barely two knots, several hundred miles from the nearest land, a lifeboat containing nineteen survivors, including women and children, of a Norwegian ship torpedoed in mid-Atlantic, was sighted by a Coastal Command Halifax. Later these survivors were rescued by a Royal Navy tender. Bad weather had prevented an earlier rescue, although a Sunderland flying-boat had spotted the lifeboat on the third day and had attempted to alight and pick up the occupants. "We were on a U-boat patrol when I saw what looked like a white dot in the flat green sea," said the second pilot of the Halifax. "Naturally, I thought it might be a U-boat and we made for it. It glistened in the sun and when we got nearer I saw it was a yellow sail." The navigator said: "As we circled I thought I could see women and children standing up with the men in the lifeboat and waving madly at us. Then they hoisted the Norwegian flag. We made up a parcel of what food we had left, though there was not much because we had been some time on patrol. It mainly consisted of sandwiches, orange juice and our emergency rations, and we tied them up in a 'Mae West' with a note saying 'Help coming. Good luck.' Then we dropped the bundle through the escape hatch. We saw the men row towards it and pick it up, and before we left they waved their thanks"

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN SPEND 50 HOURS IN A 15-FT. BOAT amid the Atlantic winter storms. After spending 50 hours in a boat 15 ft. long, battered by the winter storms of the Atlantic, the crew of a ship-wrecked Newfoundland fishing schooner were picked up by the Canadian corvette *Dundas*. Although they had spent two of the coldest nights of the winter in an open boat which was coated in ice, these hardy fishermen were in A.1 condition again in a few hours after their rescue. Here they are seen being taken aboard the corvette, their small boat still coated thickly in ice



THE SCUTTLING OF THE FOUR AXIS SHIPS IN MARMOGOS, a Portuguese Treaty harbour on the west coast of India, in March last. These vessels were the "Ehrenfels," "Drachenfels" and "Brauenfels"—German; and the Italian "Aurora." Above, two of the vessels are seen burning in the harbour

On left—On the morning of March 9, 1943, the crews of four Axis ships in Marmogos, Portuguese Treaty harbour on the west coast of India, fled ashore, and their craft began burning. The ships, three German and one Italian, put into the neutral refuge, south of Bombay, at the outbreak of war, and had remained there since, unable to discharge their cargoes of automobiles, machinery, radio sets, cameras, and medical supplies. The crews were promptly interned when they reached shore, and the full cargoes with an estimated value of £1,500,000, were lost. The crews were reported to have disagreed about making a dash for Singapore. Reports that the captain and three members of the crew of the *Ehrenfels* had been killed by mutinying members of the crew were current, but no official announcement was made

THE CIVILIAN EVACUATION OF THE SARDINIAN COASTAL TOWNS: A view above Cagliari, the island's capital, where the inhabitants have now evacuated to the mountain villages of the interior. The harbour and part of the town are still burning in this drawing as the result of an Allied bombing attack—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE BOMBING OF ITALY

The continuous Air Assault on Sicily and Sardinia, which are now experiencing the full weight of the Allied Offensive

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

The air assault on the Italian islands surrounding the Tyrrhenian Sea is now in full blast. Allied bombers released for other tasks after the successful conclusion of the North African campaign are now hammering away at Sicily, Sardinia and Pantellaria—vulnerable islands of the Middle Mediterranean, as well as the mainland itself. The attacks are being carried out by hundreds of big aircraft at a time—and the raids are on a scale never foreseen when Italy so treacherously entered the war some three years ago.

The results are not far to seek: in Sicily it is generally thought that the bombing is the "softening-up" prelude to invasion; in Sardinia, the civilian population have been evacuated from the coastal towns into the interior; in Pantellaria, the airfield and submarine hide-outs must have been rendered useless. By day and by night the attacks have continued; despite increasing enemy air opposition the bombers have continued with their tasks, sowing bombs at the many strategic points "like wheat."

The two pictures given on this page are based on recent accounts of the attacks on the two big and important islands of Sardinia and Sicily. On the former, Cagliari, the capital, has now been completely evacuated by its civilian population. In Sicily, the town and harbour of Catania is only one of a dozen places which have been subjected to the full weight of R.A.F. and American bombers.

THE CONTINUOUS BOMBING OF THE SICILIAN HARBOURS, AERODROMES, RAILWAYS AND OTHER MILITARY OBJECTIVES: An impression of the strategically important harbour of Catania under attack: this view shows the harbour, looking towards Mt. Etna, which dominates the scene. A fire-squad of Italian soldiers are dashing down the hill to cope with the fires started by the bombers—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

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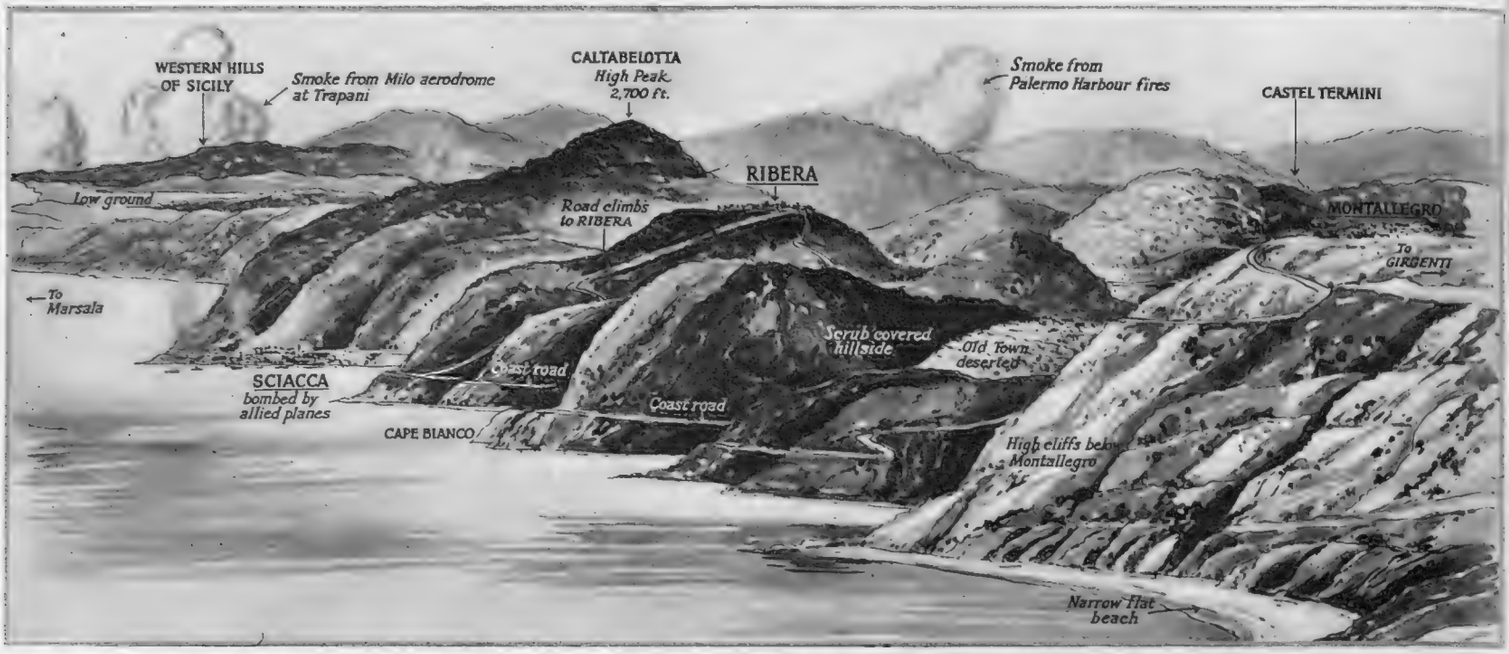
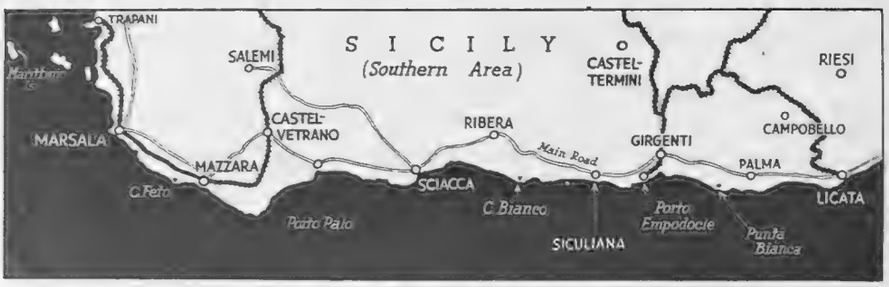


THE NATURE OF THE TASK WHICH WOULD CONFRONT OUR TROOPS IN AN INVASION OF SICILY. This drawing shows a typical stretch of the coastline on the south of the island, from Licata to Trapani: it consists of high, broken rocky cliffs with few openings for landing-parties (see notes below)—*Drawing by Percy Home*



KEY TO A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE SICILIAN COAST. High, bold headlands form capes with high cliffs in between. The occasional breaks of low ground are not numerous. Between Girgenti and Marsala there is no railway to help either invaders or defenders

The Bombing of Italy (cont.)

WILL SICILY BE INVADED?

—*Special Sphere diagrams and notes*

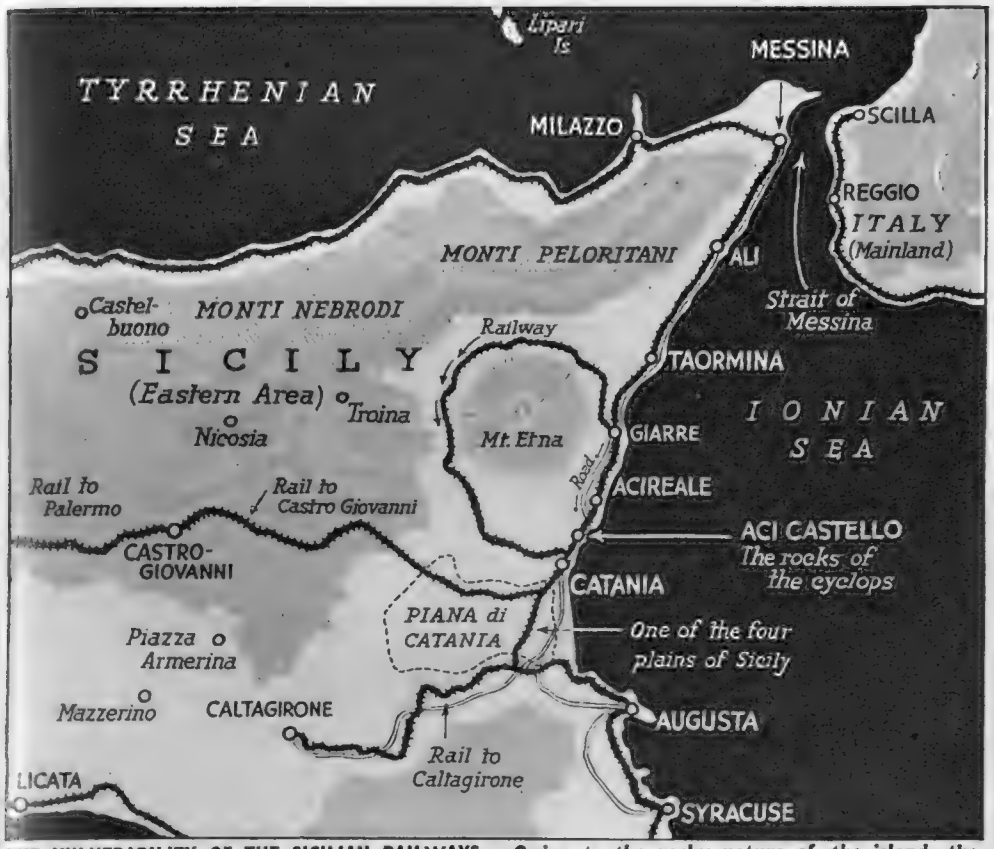
Invasion is one of the two topics of the moment throughout the length of Italy. Will it come soon? Where will the landings be made? What are the country's chances of standing up to the Allies? Will Germany help? This, and the allied subject of bombing, are all that the average Italian is concerned with to-day.

It seems to be taken for granted in some quarters that Sicily will be the first enemy territory to be invaded. But it may prove, in the event, that the island will be by-passed, to drop like a ripe plum into our lap after landings have been made on the mainland, and the island's communications thus conveniently cut. As a further contribution towards the Invasion discussion, we reproduce the drawing and diagram-maps given above. These show certain geographical peculiarities which emphasise the difficulties confronting any attempt to capture the island by direct assault.

Sicily is, in many ways, a strange land: certain of its hills and valleys—the great majority—are beautiful; and yet the island can also present wide areas of harsh, protruding rock and precipitous escarpments, which are bizarre in the extreme. Geologically, the island is an extension of the Apennine Range of Italy, the crystalline rocks of the northern Sicilian mountain range being exactly the same as those of the mainland heights. Granite and gneiss are found in the north, while to the south one meets with sedimentary stratified rock formations, some of which lie almost horizontally, whilst others are pitched

THE INDUSTRIAL "TRIANGLE" OF NORTHERN ITALY, where most of the factory development of the country has been concentrated during past years. This area has been successfully bombed and devastated by aircraft flying out from British bases—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Even before the islands of Sicily and Sardinia were subjected to attack, this great industrial belt had already come under heavy assault by the R.A.F. It is now also within reach of our Allies flying their Fortresses from North Africa. Southern Italy has no industrial concentrations to compare with this great triangle. Water-power comes from the Alps, and nearby minerals are ready for quick handling in the big factories of Turin, Milan and the smaller cities of the plains. With the devastation of this area, Italy's capacity to wage war must become greatly lessened—and there are few areas now throughout the length and breadth of the mainland to which her battered factories could be transferred



THE VULNERABILITY OF THE SICILIAN RAILWAYS. Owing to the rocky nature of the island, the lines follow the easiest route—along the shore at the base of the high cliffs. This renders them particularly vulnerable to attack from the sea or by Commando landing-parties

at angles of varying steepness. It is of these rocks that the southern cliffs are formed. In the stretch of country illustrated in the drawing on left, reaching from Mazzara to Montallegro, the headlands project boldly and the intervening cliffs are generally steep and arid in appearance. One of the few perennial rivers flows out at Cape Bianco; the Platani, like all the other streams, dries up as summer advances, and it reveals a rocky bed—a familiar sight in Sicily.

It would appear that Sicily presents as difficult, or even a more difficult terrain than Northern Tunisia. The roads are winding and often steep, although the main roads between the chief cities are said to be good. The railways also twist and turn, and in peacetime the trains "took their time." There are no fewer than forty ruined temples in this second Greece. Montallegro, included in the strip of coastal line here illustrated, is interesting for its deserted town, a kind of Sicilian Les Baux. The inhabitants were so molested by corsairs many years ago that they moved higher up to a neighbouring mountain. Sciacca, recently bombed, is remarkable for its cavern of natural vapour baths. There are only four plains which provide stretches of country really suitable for aerodrome construction, although temporary airfields could doubtless be made in some of the smaller level areas.

Dependent as Sicily is on the mainland for its supplies, it might prove a better strategy to ignore the islands in the first attacks on Italy. If landings were made in the toe of the mainland, or even higher up, it would probably not be long before Sicily would fall after the connecting link across the Straits of Messina was cut.

Incidentally, as one of the maps shows, the island's railway system appears to be particularly vulnerable to attack from the sea or by raiding parties. The rocky nature of the hinterland has forced the railway to skirt the island quite close to the shore, with the result that some of the main towns could easily be isolated by Commando parties. The Strait of Messina itself is only a mile or two wide between the facing termini of Reggio and Messina: in the event of an invasion, this Strait might well be forced by Allied naval squadrons

AN ATTEMPT TO REACH SICILY FAILS. An Italian soldier who had attempted to escape from Tunisia lies dead on the beach beside the boat he had hoped to use

THE NAVY ASSISTS IN ROUNDING-UP THE LAST STRAGGLERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A British destroyer (of the Hunt class) catches a party of Germans from North Africa making for Sicily in a big rubber dinghy and takes them prisoner—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The island of Sicily proved an irresistible lure for many of the German and Italian soldiers left in the Cape Bon tip after the Axis collapse in North Africa. But very few, if any, were allowed to make the passage, despite that the island is only some 90 miles away across the Narrows. In the last fortnight, after the fall of the cities of Tunis and Bizerta, some 900 prisoners were taken by our patrol vessels: this must represent the greater part of those who essayed the crossing!

The drawing by Mr. Byatt above depicts the interception of nine members of the Afrika Korps who were attempting to get across the Narrows in a big rubber dinghy. Armed with paddles and helped by a roughly rigged sail, these men were sighted by one of our Hunt class destroyers, small, handy modern vessels of 904 tons displacement. The capture of the would-be escapees followed quickly after their discovery

THE WAR BY AIR

Aerodrome Runways of Steel Plating: The Hedge-Hopping Mustang: A Rescue by Liberator at Sea

Though so dainty and agile in the air, the modern aeroplane is a solid and weighty structure. Very few current R.A.F. types—even single-seat fighters—have a loaded weight of less than 3½ tons. Many of them, such as the majestic Lancaster, will scale up to 30 tons and more.

The day when any smooth grass meadow would do for an aerodrome has obviously now gone by. As a matter of fact, most of the aerodromes built in this country before the war did make do without concrete or tarmac runways, except for small areas round the hangars and traffic-control towers. Besides the increasing weight of modern planes, the factor which has made better aerodrome surfaces indispensable is that essential safety precaution—dispersal. The modern aeroplane, be it fighter or bomber, lives an open-air life.

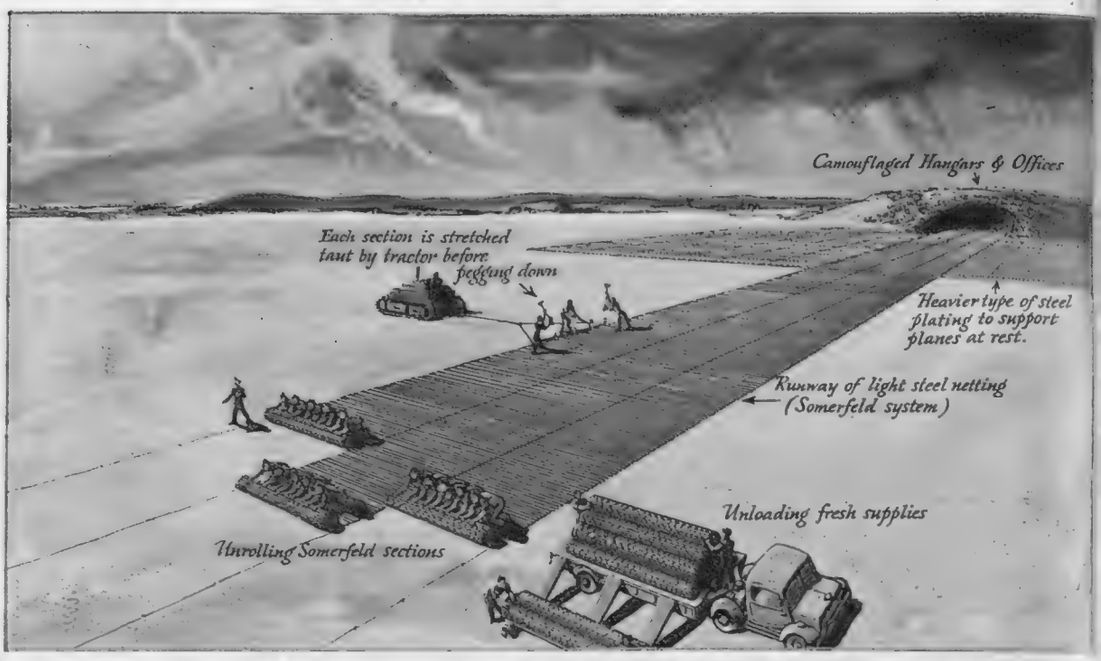
The aerodrome surface therefore has to be good enough not only to let the machines stand out without becoming bogged in, even in a wet winter, for a fighter must be able to take off at a few second's notice. It must also be able to stand up to the weight of petrol tankers, and bomb trains carrying the famous "block-busting" 4,000-pounders.

After careful drainage of the sub-soil (remember that in England any large stretch of level land is almost bound to become swampy in winter), the R.A.F. has two main methods of dealing with the surface. As a rule, at home stations, a long runway of Somerfeld track is laid out in the direction of the prevailing wind. This ingenious track can be laid at the rate of a mile or more a day.

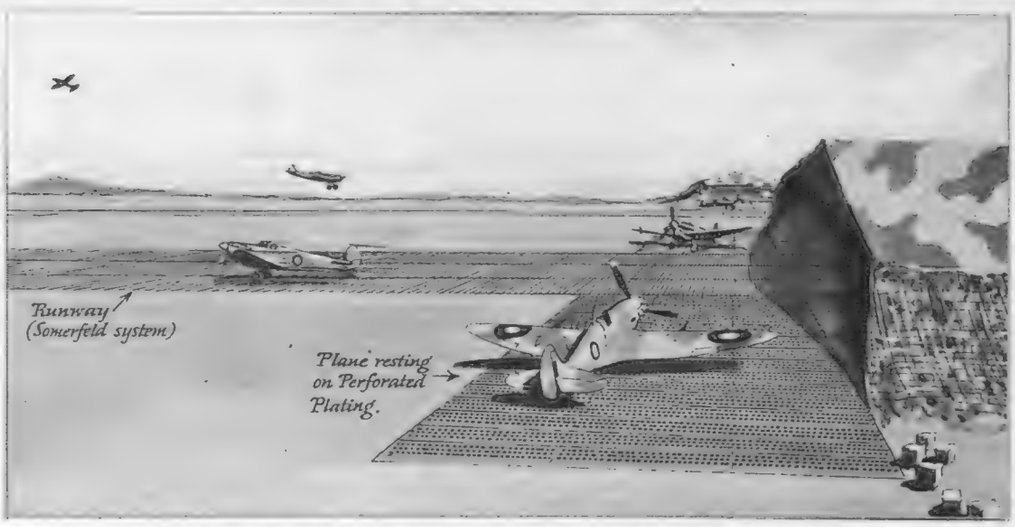
The Somerfeld system lays this direct on top of the grass, as many widths being used as necessary. Rigidity is given by the insertion of occasional lateral and longitudinal wire rods, which are pot-hooked into the ground. The result is a perfectly satisfactory runway which is camouflaged naturally.

On specially bad ground, a coir mat is sometimes laid below the wire netting, but in Britain, the wire alone is usually sufficient. If need arises, the runway can be taken up and relaid on a fresh aerodrome virtually as good as new.

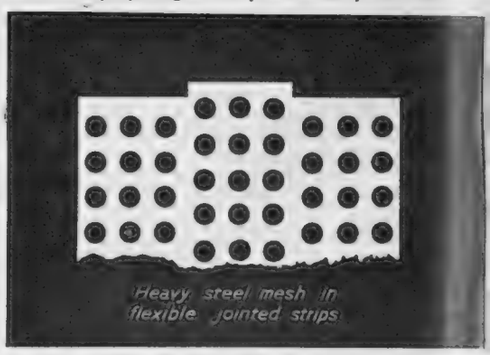
As well as the Somerfeld track another type of metal surfacing is often used to stand up to the particularly heavy traffic at dispersal points and servicing points on advance aerodromes where no concrete track exists. This is composed of interlocking perforated metal plates, about 8 ft. long, which are laid, like the Somerfeld track, on any sufficiently level earth surface. It is much more extravagant in consumption of metal than the wire track, however, and for this reason it is usually restricted to those parts of the aerodrome where the planes may stand for hours, with their attendant vehicles. As soon as the bomber is on the move, the lighter track is quite good enough



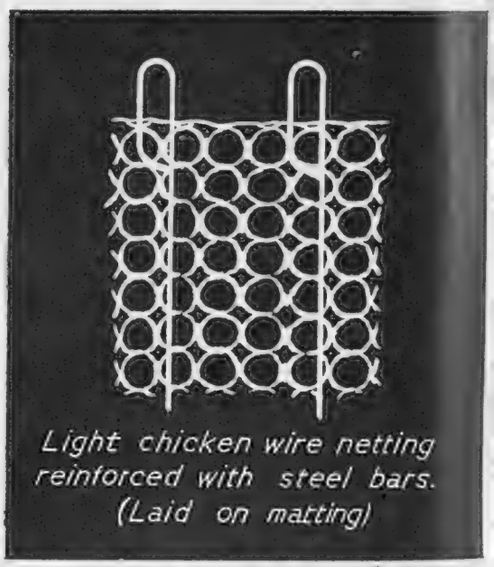
STEEL NETTING FOR AERODROME RUNWAYS: How it is laid, stretched taut by tractor, and then pegged down. This is the quickest method of preparing runways for heavy aircraft



A FIGHTER PLANE AT ITS DISPERSAL-POINT resting on perforated plating. This type of metal takes the weight of the aircraft and prevents it from becoming bogged in the soft ground—*Drawings by B. C. Wood*

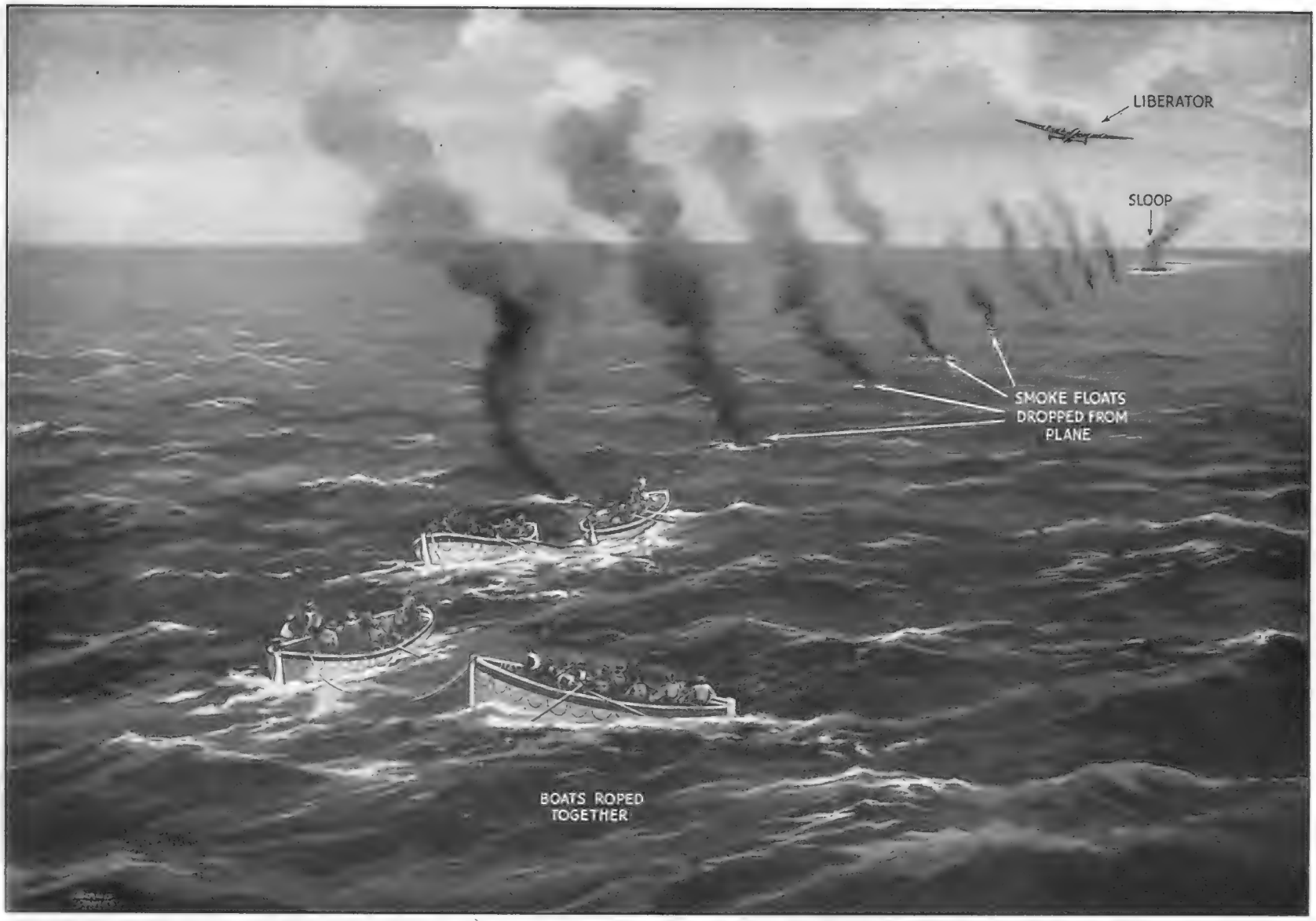


THE TYPE OF METAL USED AS FLOORING for aircraft at rest, to prevent them sinking into the soft earth



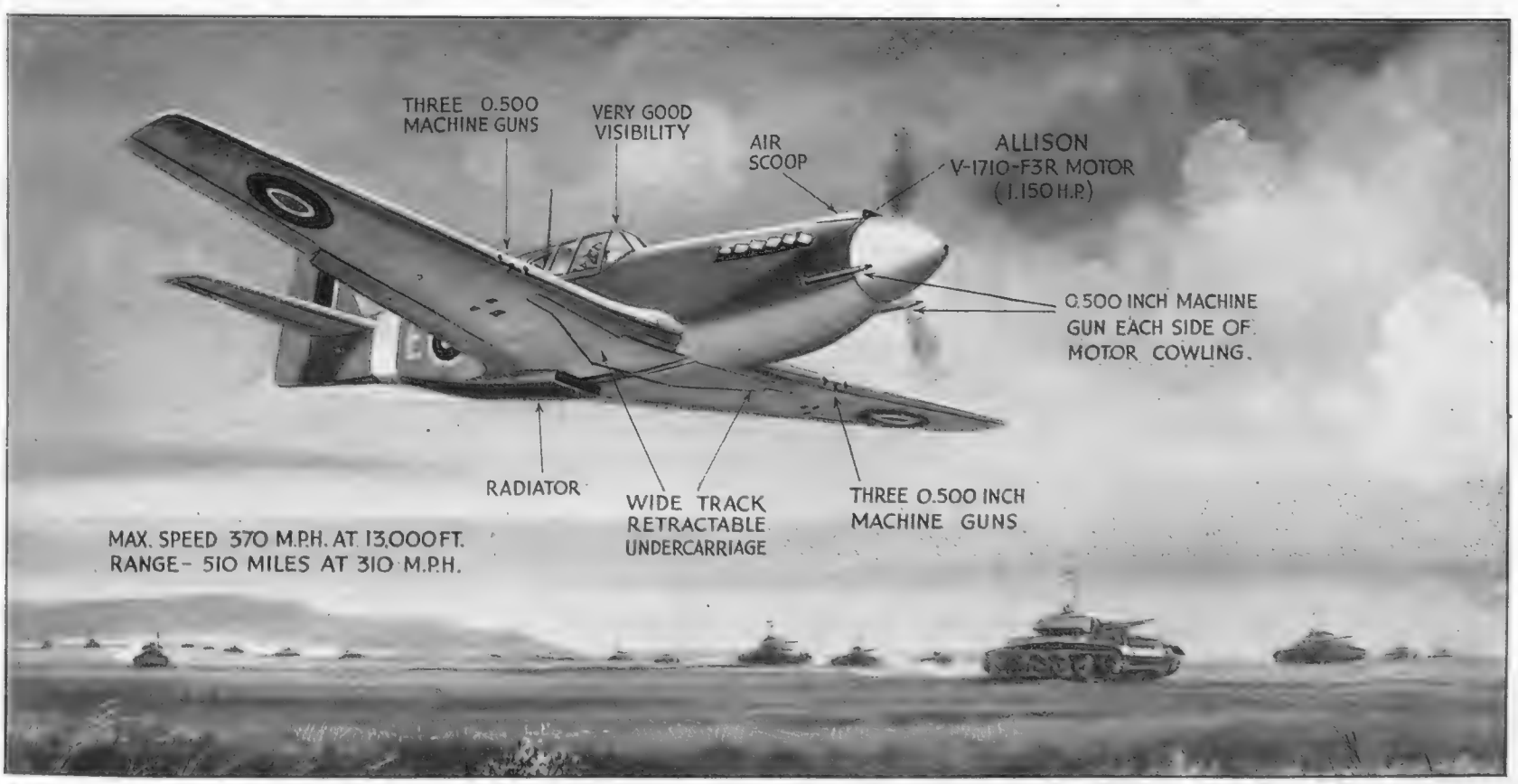
THIS TYPE OF WIRE NETTING IS USED FOR AERODROME RUNWAYS. It is usually laid on previously-placed matting

***On left*—A MUSTANG ON A "HEDGE-HOPPING" EXPEDITION OVER FRANCE encounters a formidable obstacle in the haze. This type of aircraft, as well as Mosquitoes and Hurri-bombers, has been used during recent raids over enemy territory. At the speed and height at which it flies, encounters such as that depicted by our artist are not uncommon. In this case the obstacle was a castle-crowned hillock in Northern France, which was shrouded in mist until the pilot was almost on it**—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (*See also drawing at right*)



"COMBINED OPERATIONS": A RESCUE AT SEA, BY MEANS OF A LINE OF SMOKE-FLOATS WHICH GUIDED THE SURFACE VESSELS. How a Liberator aircraft of Coastal Command directed the rescue vessels to the small boats 500 miles out in mid-Atlantic—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Survivors from a British merchant ship, including women and children, were recently found more than 500 miles from land in the Atlantic with a U-boat lurking near them, by a Coastal Command Liberator. The aircraft guided a naval sloop to their rescue and all except one passenger, who died in the sloop, were landed safely at a British port. The survivors, passengers and crew were afloat in a choppy sea in lifeboats which had been roped together to prevent their dispersal. Within a few hours of their ship being sunk by torpedoes, food and supplies were dropped to them from the Liberator, with a reassuring note that they would be rescued before dark. As the aircraft's limit of endurance was reached, the captain of the Liberator laid a path of smoke-floats and aluminium markers from the lifeboats to the sloop which was hurrying to the aid of the shipwrecked people. It was in the early hours of the morning that the Operations Room of a West Coast station of Coastal Command received the request for help. The Liberator flew for six hours, passing over the sloop, which was on the same mission, before wreckage and oil were seen on the water. Soon afterwards the aircraft sighted the lifeboats almost hidden by the smoke of sea-flares, and for the next six hours the Liberator patrolled above the survivors, leaving them only for a short interval to guide the sloop. There were some anxious moments, for a U-boat was in the area, and was apparently using the torpedoed sailors as "bait" for other Allied shipping. Twice it was sent crash-diving by the Liberator. A few hours later, back at their base, the crew learned that all the survivors had been picked up.



A FORMIDABLE FIGHTING MACHINE: THE MUSTANG FIGHTER NOW BEING USED BY ARMY CO-OPERATION COMMAND and for hedge-hopping raids over enemy-occupied territory. This drawing brings out some of the more salient points of this very successful aircraft—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The broad rule for daylight bombing is to have a small, fast machine for hedge-hopping and larger and slower machines for extreme height. Amongst the former, the Mustang ranks high, and it has participated in a number of low-level raids over France and Belgium by daylight. This single-seat fighter is very popular with the R.A.F. Built in the United States, it has a speed of 370 m.p.h. at its operational height and a range of over 500 miles. In appearance it somewhat resembles our own Hurricane, and its handling and manœuvrability are similar. It has a wide undercarriage, which makes for easier take-off and landing, and the pilot has good all-round visibility—an essential for daylight flying. The armament consists of eight 0·500 machine-guns—a group of three in each wing, and one in each side of the motor cowling. The motor is a 1,150 h.p. Allison.

NORTH AFRICA CAMEOS

Interesting Sidelights Behind the Battle Line During the Final Stages of the Campaign in Tunisia

THE ZOUAVES ENTER TUNIS : Men of the Zouaves Regiment were given the honour of marching through the city the day after the enemy had been driven out. Large crowds turned out to cheer these French soldiers ; and General Barre and General Juin took the salute. These men were the first to stop the enemy's advance into Medjez-el-Bab after heavy fighting earlier in the campaign

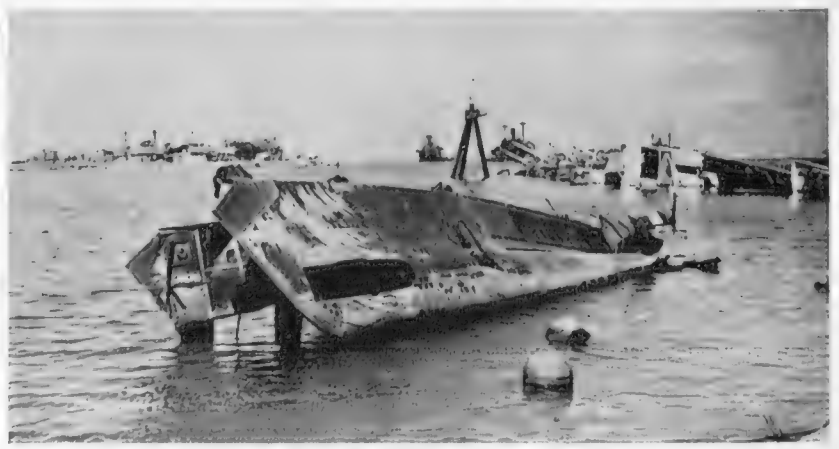
STREET SCENE IN TUNIS : A French girl dashes up to hand cigarettes to a British tank man, surrounded by equally enthusiastic youngsters. Note, in the front of the vehicle, the new-type petrol container with built-in handle, as used by the Eighth Army since the days of El Alamein

ARMY NEWS SERVICE FOR THE NORTH AFRICAN ARABS. In addition to their routine work, a Field Security Section serving in Tunisia now supplies a daily news service to the local population. The Military Police have supplied a car fitted with a microphone, amplifier and loud-speaker. The Security Section compile their news summary from "Daily Craft," a news-sheet issued by the Senior Padre of the Division and drawn from the B.B.C. News-Bulletin. The news is read in Arabic, French and English. Here the Field Security Officer is seen with the corporal of the village, who is headman in the absence of the Sheikh

A REUNION IN THE DESERT. A small party have stopped for a meal in the plains of Tunisia. Their mess equipment and furniture are conveyed by car, and their banquet is composed largely of "hard tack"

AFTER FIVE MONTHS IN THE DARK, TUNIS HEARS THE TRUTH : Army broadcasting vans are now touring the city streets, giving news bulletins to the populace in the three main languages—French, Arabic and English. Here a van is seen in the main street, the Avenue Jules Ferry : in the background may be seen part of Tunis Cathedral

THE AIR-SEA RESCUE SERVICE OPERATED THROUGHOUT THE CAMPAIGN : All along the coast the high-speed launches of the R.A.F. operated whilst flying was in progress during the Tunisian battles. Many lives were saved by this means. In the picture above, the background is made up of the inhospitable, scrub-covered African hills



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF BIZERTA : An Italian submarine lying wrecked in the harbour, the result of efficient bombing by the Allied Air Force. The wreck of another Axis ship may also be seen in the background

A GERMAN TROOP-CARRIER WRECKED AT BIZERTA. Many aircraft, wrecked by Allied bombing or destroyed by the enemy before the end came, are still lying in and around the harbour. This is a new version of the famous Junkers Ju.90 transport : its nose was completely torn away

ON THE WRECKED WATERFRONT AT TUNIS : Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder (right) walking through the wrecked harbour during his visit to the town soon after its occupation by the Allies. With him is Squadron-Leader Lancaster, Personal Staff Officer to Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham

AN INTERLUDE ON THE BATTLEFIELD : Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., complies with a soldier's request for his autograph. The General was in command of the New Zealand troops with the Eighth Army and was in the forefront of the battle throughout the whole of the Tunisian campaign

AFTER THE VICTORY—EXERCISES ! The crew of a mortar-carrier dismounting hurriedly to go into action during an exercise near Bou Arada. The men of this First Army Motorised Infantry group were enjoying a rest period from the front line when this exercise was devised by the High Command for their further enjoyment !

LIVE WITH THE FRENCH FOR A FEW WEEKS, and you start talking with your hands ! Private Houston (of Oklahoma, U.S.A.) explains a few points in connection with the assembly of Lease-Lend material for the French Army

AN OPEN-AIR BATH IN NORTH AFRICA : When American troops routed the Italians from a desert camp, one of the prizes was this bath-tub which, no doubt, had adorned the quarters of some high Italian or German officer. Two American N.C.O.s are here putting it to good use near their camp

A BATH MADE BY BRITISH AIRMEN on a battlefield in North Africa from salvaged tins and barrels. It was built for both hot and cold water. The bath itself was a hole in the ground, lined with tarpaulin. Two iron barrels or drums were heated by a fire made with desert scrub. A perforated petrol tin then served as the shower

DAWN AT THE CHINDWIN RIVER AS THE ELEPHANTS OF THE "CHINDIT" FORCE BEGAN TO CROSS. over the wide river and the men prepared to cross into the heart of Burma. The troops h

THE SECRET EXPEDITION INTO THE HEART OF BURMA

Brigadier Wingate's Force of "Chindits," Which Penetrated Nearly to Mandalay through 200 Miles of Japanese-held Territory

The daring expedition led by Brigadier Wingate into Northern Burma was full of such thrills, excitement and perils that its story would satisfy any boy avid for adventure. For the three months during which it operated, the separated columns and parties marched through wild and difficult country, having to pass through forests in single file, to cross wide rivers, penetrate jungles, climb hills and drop into valleys deep in high elephant grass—all the while knowing that a clever enemy was close upon them.

The great moment of the expedition was the crossing of the broad River Chindwin by the whole force. They arrived just as the sun was setting, and having ascertained by a special bird call that it was safe to start the crossing, an advanced party got across to hold up any enemy who might appear. The troops lay concealed in paddy fields along the bank, while the great task began. Only a few sampans, canoes and collapsible boats were available for conveying the masses of war material—arms, ammunition and supplies—across the swift river, 300 ft. wide. All through the moonlight work was carried on, but it wasn't till the sun rose the next day, and no sign of the enemy discovered, that the scene became extremely animated.

No motor transport accompanied the expedition, but hundreds of mules, oxen and elephants were used for the hauling of heavy supplies and ammunition. Men swam across the river leading strings of mules, while mahouts guided the elephants, who, after depositing their loads, returned for further supplies. All the boats were constantly passing across taking ammunition. In the meanwhile, the troops breakfasted and bathed till their turn came to swim across. When all were assembled on the other side, the expedition moved forward

Elephants to carry the heavier material were a feature of the mixed transport employed by Brigadier Wingate. This drawing shows the scene just as dawn came ad bivouacked on the shore through the night: when light came they crossed in collapsible boats, native craft, rafts, etc.—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

and continued together till the dropping of supplies from the air had been tested. Then they separated into columns, going off in various directions with special tasks to fulfil. Each man carried six days' rations, but they had to depend largely on game and such food as the villages could supply in the way of rice and chickens. The R.A.F. dropped regularly, on what they called their "grocery round," things unobtainable elsewhere, such as biscuits, tea, sugar, cheese, raisins, chocolate and cigarettes. Each column had an R.A.F. unit with a wireless set, so that communication was always possible with the base, and special things could be supplied which were needed. Newspapers and letters were dropped, and the wounded were carried off in transport planes. One of the objects of the expedition was to prove that it could operate with air and wireless alone, which it amply justified. Brigadier Wingate also wanted to test his specially-trained troops against the Japanese in jungle country. In this he was so successful that nearly a whole Japanese division was employed in trying to track down an elusive foe, who was always moving, and whose object they could not ascertain. One column got to within 50 miles of Mandalay, causing great destruction on the way to the railway from Myitkyina to Mandalay, blowing up bridges and breaking down the line in eighty places.

The Burmese troops who accompanied the expedition, acting as an Intelligence force, proved invaluable and were of great assistance in the third object of the journey—that of winning over the Burmese villages to be ready to fight against the invading Japanese. Brigadier Wingate believed in arousing patriotism, not by giving gold to buy help, but by stressing that the Allies were fighting a common enemy and emphasising the certainty of Allied victory. His troops were given the name of "Chindits," which was the Burmese name for the lion-like figures which guard the temples, warding off evil.

The whole expedition was a record of courage, ingenuity and endurance, and was a complete success in the fulfilment of its objects. Only the animal transport suffered heavy losses—of all the hundreds of mules which left India, only one returned, the rest had been lost by death, drowning or were eaten by the troops when the rations had fallen very low. A great variety of animal food was eaten, including vultures, elephants, pythons and mules.

THE PRISONERS OF WAR ARRIVE IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND BY AIR. From left to right are Brig.-General Costa, Maj.-General Gepp (back to camera, acknowledging the salute of the enemy officers), Colonel von Hulsen, Brig.-General Mancinelli, Brig.-General Boschi, Brig.-General Aporti and Captain Colombo, A.D.C. Maj.-General Gepp received the prisoners on the airfield on behalf of the War Office: he is Director of Prisoners of War. The Axis officers were flown to the airport in a Harrow aircraft (seen in the background) from the battlefield in North Africa after their surrender

THE AXIS GENERALS IN ENGLAND

How they Arrived by Air at their Prison-mansion in the Country

—A Series of Official British Pictures

COLONEL VON HULSEN TALKING WITH THE CAMP COMMANDANT before being conducted to join other senior German officers already installed in the prison camp. Colonel von Hulsen commanded the German 21st Armoured Division in Tunisia

The number of Axis Generals now in British hands is very considerable: it far outnumbers our Generals in enemy hands. Some of these high-ranking officers were brought to Britain by air and landed at an airport in Southern England. Special quarters have been prepared for them and the A.D.C.s who have accompanied them into captivity. They were received with all the usages of war, and in internment will be accorded the privileges and pay laid down by International Conventions. The pictures reproduced here show only a number of the Generals in our hands: they also show the manner of their reception at airport and naval base, and their subsequent arrival in the P.O.W camp

GERMAN GENERALS ARRIVE AT A BRITISH PORT: Maj.-General Schnarrenberger (in foreground); Maj.-General Freiherr von Broich (at foot of steps); and Maj.-General Freiherr Kart von Liebenstein (stepping from launch) are landed by the naval escort to be handed over to the waiting Army escort. Note the Wren on the launch in the background!

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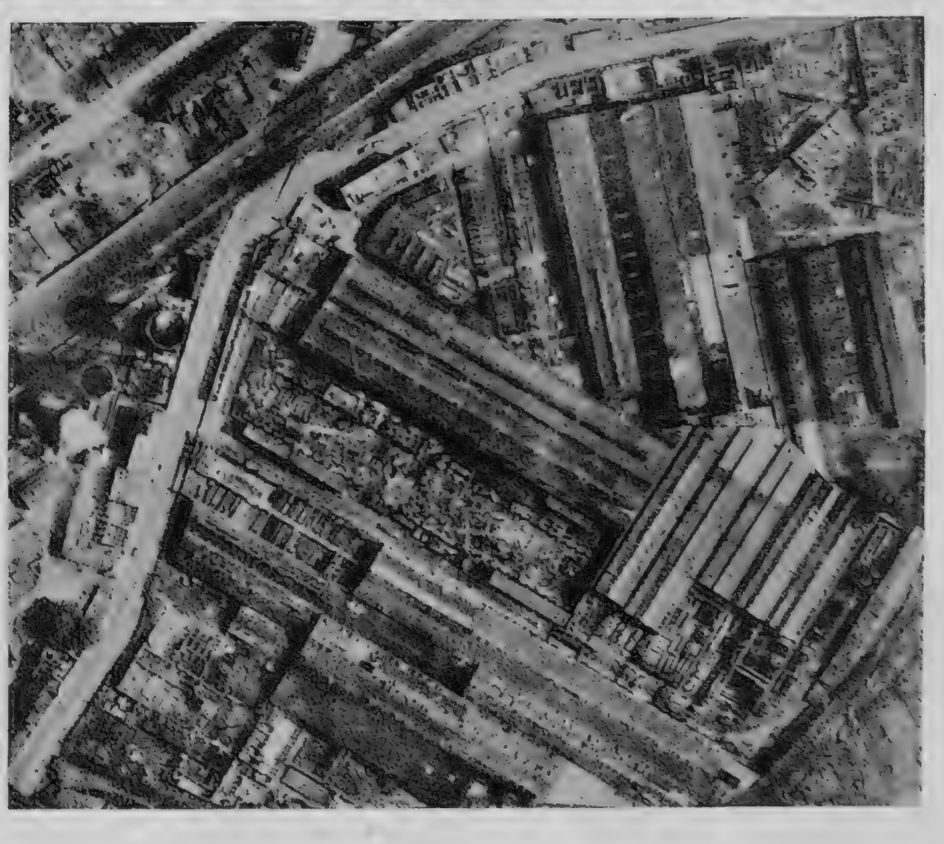
AN AREA OF APPROXIMATELY A SQUARE MILE IN THE CENTRE OF DEVASTATED DORTMUND. Industrial, commercial and business targets have received a terrific pounding, and practically every building seen in this photograph has suffered. Principal points of interest are: A—the Central Railway Station, half-demolished; B—the badly damaged constructional engineering plant of the C. H. Jucho Dortmunder Bruckenbau; and C—the Hoesch Maschinenfabrik-Deutschland iron and steel works

THIS PICTURE IS A CLOSE-UP OF THE AREA MARKED C ABOVE: It shows the wrecked workshops and buildings of the Hoesch Maschinenfabrik-Deutschland iron and steel works

less than the time occupied by the Cologne raid. Photographs of the burned and blasted central portion of the town of Dortmund have given the word "devastation" a new meaning. The area covered here is approximately one square mile: within that area there remains little that has escaped damage either by high explosive or fire



On right—**A CLOSE-UP OF THE AREA MARKED B: An enlargement of the extent of the heavy damage to the plant of C. H. Jucho Dortmunder Bruckenbau, constructional engineers**

MINESWEEPER: A 500-LB. BOMB, DROPPED FROM AN ENEMY AIRCRAFT, FAILS TO EXPLODE. The crew abandon ship and the other minesweepers circle warily round, until a small party return aboard and hoist the bomb out for immediate destruction—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The War by Sea

THE CEASELESS WORK OF THE ROYAL NAVY

Recent Feats Carried Out by Minesweeper, Naval Tug, and "Escort-type" Destroyer

Illustrated by Sphere Artists

A German aircraft had carried out a surprise attack on a flotilla of British minesweeping trawlers. After the enemy had made off, it was discovered that one of the vessels had suffered a direct hit: the bomb had gone clean through the upper works and was found to be resting on top of the boiler—unexploded! The engineer damped down the fires, and the crew pulled away from the trawler in a small boat to await events. "For half an hour or more they remained with their eyes glued on the tough little vessel, expecting every minute to see her disappear in one great explosion."

In such circumstances it is the duty of the other ships to sink their sister-vessel to prevent her falling into enemy hands. The trawlers, steaming round their stricken comrade, with a full sense of the feelings of her small company, put off this act from moment to moment. Soon a desperate feeling began to stir in the hearts of the crew of the bombed sweeper. They asked, and received, permission for a few men to return on board. The boarding party found the 500-lb. bomb still lodged securely on the top of the boiler. They signalled their readiness to try and save the ship if they could be taken in tow. An officer went head-first through the hole made by the bomb to attach the necessary tackle for moving it. When he reappeared, "after what seemed like a very long time," the ship's company were able slowly to hoist the bomb and then drop it with a huge splash into the sea.

A few hours later a thankful crew were showing their appreciation by taking the trawler to sea again after only temporary repairs!

THE ROYAL MARINES: IN THE 14-IN. GUN TURRET ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP "KING GEORGE V." during an exercise shoot. These guns are manned by the Marines, who, on the bigger types of warships, have a variety of duties to perform when on active service (*See* notes at left)

***On right*—The Royal Marines.** In nearly every naval battle—and many land battles, too—for the last 250 years, the Royal Marines have played a gallant part. Although soldiers were employed in fighting at sea from the earliest times, it was not until towards the end of the seventeenth century that Marine Regiments were specially raised for service in the Fleet. On board, their duties were to act as ship's police; in action, to fire on the enemy's decks; ashore, to form the spearhead of naval landing-parties. In the year of Trafalgar a new branch was formed, known as The Royal Marine Artillery, which manned part of the ship's main armament and handled naval guns ashore. At the close of the Crimean War, their comrades received the title of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. In 1923 the two branches were reunited under their former title of Royal Marines. As a rule, Marines serve only in the larger type of warships: they man a part of the ship's armament; provide sentries, guards and bands; and carry out certain other special duties. Ashore, they still form the Navy's striking force: in this war they have served in almost every theatre

TUG: H.M.S. "PROSPEROUS" CARRIES OUT A THRILLING RESCUE OF THE CREW OF A SMALL COASTER OFF THE WEST COAST. "I ordered all stern power the engines were capable of giving out and, by doing so, brought the bow to starboard on the low side of the wreck with the wind blowing me down on her stern. The rest of the coaster's crew then jumped on to my after deck and, at that moment, she started to roll over on to the "Prosperous"—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* **(See notes below)**

H.M.S. *Prosperous* is quite a new vessel. She is the naval tug which, on her maiden voyage recently, rescued a disabled Dutch merchant vessel in mid-Atlantic. She was going out on her trials, but instead she towed the Dutchman for seven days through a gale! She has now figured in another thrilling rescue—this time of a small coaster and all hands aboard her. When the coaster was first sighted by the *Prosperous* she was listing heavily and liable to capsize at any moment. A gale was blowing, and heavy seas were breaking over her: the crew could be seen clinging to the upper works aft. She was sinking rapidly and it was obvious that it was only a matter of minutes before her hatches would burst and she would founder.

"As I closed in on the wreck," said Lieut. Brice, "I went full speed astern, causing my bow to sheer to starboard and the wind to blow *Prosperous* alongside the stern of the ship somewhere about my amidships. I stopped the engines, as I had reckoned on keeping sufficient headway on to carry my ship clear of the wreck. But some of the coaster's crew were apparently numbed with cold and exposure and could not move quickly enough to jump clear at my first approach, so I had to alter my plans quickly. By this time the ship was beginning to turn turtle.

"I ordered all stern power the engines were capable of giving, and by doing so, brought the bow to starboard on the low side of the wreck with the wind blowing me down on her stern. The rest of the coaster's crew then jumped on to my after deck and, at that moment, she started to roll over on to the *Prosperous*. Ordering all possible power ahead, with helm to port to avoid the overhanging mast of the wreck, we managed to get clear, but not before the coaster had practically capsized and some part of her stern had fouled our stern. There was a terrific jar and the *Prosperous* heeled heavily, but she then dragged herself clear." The whole rescue took little more than a quarter of an hour.

A HUNTER ON THE TRAIL: THE QUARRY, AXIS SHIPPING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN! A magnificent study of a British Hunt class destroyer (904 tons) pounding through heavy seas whilst on patrol. Note the anti-aircraft gun forward in the bow

DESTROYER: THE BIRTHDAY VICTORY OF H.M.S. "WESTMINSTER," "CHAMPION E-BOAT CHASER" OF THE EAST COAST. "We hit her with our fifth salvo and she caught fire. Slowly the flames spread along the decks and she blew up. We could see bits of her in the air silhouetted against the flames"—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Champion E-boat chaser of the East Coast is the title claimed by the destroyer *Westminster*. Her latest action took place on her twenty-fifth birthday, when she reported two E-boats sunk and several others damaged. The full story of the engagement, which lasted only twenty minutes, is now told by the destroyer's Commanding Officer for the first time. Five E-boats were sighted ahead, steaming across *Westminster*'s bow. Although it was dark visibility was good and, within three minutes of opening fire, the destroyer had hit three E-boats. "We closed at full speed to the range I wanted to engage them at," said Lieut.-Commander Bowerman. "With our third salvo we hit one and I saw her catch fire. She disappeared into the smoke and we heard a sharp explosion. I simply lifted my telephone, said 'That 'll do,' and ordered the guns to shift target to the next E-boat. We hit her with our fifth salvo and she caught fire. Slowly the flames spread along the decks and she blew up. We could see bits of her in the air silhouetted against the flames, then smoke drifted across, and the last we saw looked like the glow of a setting sun. The next E-boat we hit with our seventh salvo and she turned away." Some of the gun crews in the *Westminster* are R.N.V.R. ratings, who come from Bristol. They were trained as a unit at the beginning of the war, and twenty-one of them are still serving together in the destroyer. Since she was commissioned for this war in December 1940, the *Westminster* has steamed 107,250 miles escorting convoys up and down the East Coast

H.M.S. "UNBENDING," ONE OF OUR LATEST SUBMARINES, ATTACKS A LARGE ENEMY MERCHANT SHIP, the "Viminale," off Calabria, whilst she was in tow by two tugs and escorted by a destroyer, two R-boats and an aircraft. "Unbending" sank five enemy vessels on her first patrol!

The War by Sea (cont.)

BRITISH SUBMARINES in the MEDITERRANEAN

Carrying out Attacks on Enemy Vessels on the Supply Routes in the Aegean and off the Italian Coast
—*Two Special Drawings by Montague Dawson*

To have sunk five enemy vessels on her first patrol as an operational submarine in the Mediterranean is the proud record of H.M.S. *Unbending*, which has recently returned to home waters. It was in October last year that the *Unbending* sallied out from Malta in the command of Lieut. E. T. Stanley, D.S.C., to patrol the Gulf of Hammamet in search of shipping carrying supplies to the Axis armies in North Africa.

After encountering an enemy supply schooner and other vessels—all of which were successfully attacked—*Unbending* was ordered on another patrol, during the course of which she suffered a fierce and accurate attack from a destroyer which showered all her depth-charges down at her. The submarine had just made the cool and daring attack on a large enemy merchant ship depicted in the drawing above. The vessel was the *Viminale*, and she was encountered off the coast of Calabria, in Italy. The *Unbending* sneaked right under her hull to get into position, and probably sank her with three direct hits.

"The ship was in tow by two tugs," said one of her officers, "and was escorted by a destroyer, two R-boats and one aircraft. The destroyer did her very best to sink us, and very nearly succeeded. First the after-planes and then the after-pump were put out of action." The lights went out, the telemotor was smashed, half the batteries were broken, and one of the tanks flooded, sending them down dangerously out of trim. But, eventually, *Unbending* managed to outlast the attack and escape.

Like most British submarines, H.M.S. *Unbending* abounds in mascots! The Commanding Officer, Lieut. Stanley, is twenty-seven years of age and comes from Essex; Lieut. Duff is twenty-three and lives at Seaton, in Devon; Lieut. Kirkwood, twenty-two, lives near Glasgow; and Lieut. D. Hay, who is twenty-two, has his home in Aberdeen—a very youthful tally of officers, as is common in British submarines, where youth is a first requisite! Everyone in the ship's company has a great admiration for the coolness and ability of the Commanding Officer.

AN ATTACK IN THE AEGEAN SEA: An enemy supply ship is sunk inshore, off the coast of Southern Greece, by a British submarine which surfaced and attacked at close range by gunfire. Six under-water vessels have recently been mentioned for work of this kind

During, and after, the close of the North African campaign, British submarines continued to attack, destroy and damage enemy shipping and to harass even his inshore communications from end to end of the Mediterranean. The drawing reproduced here shows one of the attacks in which six of our submarines have been specialising. It took place in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Southern Greece. A small supply ship was located and the submarine surfaced to engage it by gunfire: shortly afterwards a "submarine chaser" of the Albatross class was also engaged on the surface, and five hits were scored before the action was broken off—a case in which the "chaser" became the chased! During the period under review, our under-water craft haunted many recognised traffic routes, irrespective of their proximity to the shore, and attacked wherever an opportunity occurred. The area of greatest activity was, of course, the waters which stretch from the Greek coast westwards to the Sicilian Narrows

WAR NEWS-ITEMS IN PICTURES

THE NEW "ESCORT TYPE" AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS. These are converted merchantmen which are now being used in increasing numbers for the protection of Allied convoys. The two vessels seen above are H.M.S. "Biter" and H.M.S. "Avenger"; and this picture was taken from the deck of H.M.S. "Victorious"

THE SENIOR NAVAL CHAPLAIN ARRIVES IN BIZERTA WELL EQUIPPED! The Rev. Hyde Gosselin went to North Africa with his dart board and shove-ha'penny board! He intends to open a club for the ratings of H.M. ships. When this picture was taken, the chaplain was preparing his sermon on the deck of a trawler in which he arrived at the base in Bone. His opening address was printed weeks ago in anticipation of the recent victory in North Africa

THE ARMY'S MEN OF MERCY: Lashed to a stretcher, a man is hauled over a palisade by stretcher-bearers during their training at a R.A.M.C. Octu in Southern England

THE R.A.F.'S GROUND FIGHTERS USING A TWO-POUNDER ANTI-TANK GUN: This is one of the first pictures to be taken at the R.A.F.'s battle camp. It is here that the men of R.A.F. Regiment reach that standard of training which enabled them, in their first actions in North Africa, to demonstrate that yet another link had been forged in the liaison between Army and R.A.F. Expert with every weapon normally used by the infantry, the R.A.F. Regiment do not merely protect our own flying fields: they can take them from the enemy, as the Germans learned only too well in North Africa!

THE WOUNDED ARE BROUGHT TO SAFETY ACROSS A RIVER BY the R.A.M.C. by means of an improvised boat: The job of the stretcher-bearers of the R.A.M.C. is precarious and important. Consistently under fire, with no heed to themselves, they must bring back our wounded men from the battlefield regardless of obstacles. At a R.A.M.C. Octu, new members undergo specialised training—how to get their "wounded" down sheer cliff-sides, over rivers, out of deep crevices, all in the quickest possible time and with as little discomfort to their injured patients as possible

MAIL FOR THE FORCES ARRIVES IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Most of the British troops in the Middle East would say that the one thing they most look forward to is the arrival of the mail from home. Hitherto to bring mail to the Middle East has been a big job, as ships have had to follow the Cape route or the mail has had, alternatively, to go by air. When the mail does arrive there is a big job of sorting to be done—for delivery to units scattered over thousands of miles. In the picture above, parcels from Great Britain have just come in and are being sorted for distribution

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION . . .

The Shape of Things to Come—for the Public and Private Schools of Britain—and the Part which the Board of Education Will Play in Post-War Problems

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

IT is exactly a year ago that Mr. R. A. Butler, as President of the Board of Education, announced in the House of Commons that the Government proposed to set up the Fleming Committee. But there are so many Committees, particularly during a war, that most people will probably have forgotten its aim. Well, this is to work out a plan under which the facilities of a boarding-school education can be extended to those who desire to profit by them, irrespective of their means, and was suggested by the Governing Bodies' Association of the Public Schools and the Headmasters' Conference itself.

Ever since 1919 many people have begun to feel that it is inconsistent with democracy that there should exist side by side two separate systems of education in this country—the public schools, with their preparatory and pre-preparatory schools (entry to which depends largely on the size of the parents' income), and the State system of secondary and elementary schools, where education costs either nothing or what even poor parents can reasonably afford. As my brother John says in his *Policy and Progress in Secondary Education*, published a few days ago by Nelson, a small but vocal section of the public demands that the public schools (by which is probably meant the independent schools) should be abolished. But as these schools are not at present receiving any public money, it is difficult to see how this can be done unless parents were actually forbidden by law to send their children to these schools!

Another section of the public which regards the public schools as institutions which teach snobbery, thinks that they should be left to sink or swim. In any case, it regards a day-school education as better than a boarding-school education, and has no wish to see an extension of boarding-school facilities. This is quite reasonable, but these critics are unaware of the great changes that have taken place in public schools in the past twenty years. Since the slump of 1931, very few boys have been free from the necessity of earning their own living when they grow up. So they work harder at school and have adopted a more realistic attitude to life. And, as I wrote in a recent article in THE SPHERE, the shortage of domestic and ground staff has compelled them to undertake duties which they never had to perform previously, in addition to other forms of war service, such as membership of the J.T.C., A.T.C., salvage collection, Home Guard, food production, tractor driving and harvesting.

A third section of the public believes that the independent public schools have something valuable to offer and, as such, are worth preserving. But there is a difference of opinion on the means by which this is to be achieved. The Association of Directors and Secretaries for Education think that "the private preparatory schools and public schools, and the schools financed wholly or in part from the public purse, should be merged into one system. . . . There should be the same minimum leaving age of sixteen; and in all schools education should be free."

Another theory is that the direct-grant system should be retained; and that independent public schools, if they need financial aid, should be able to join the State system.

Altogether, the Fleming Committee has a difficult task. It has been said that a boarding-school education is seven or eight times as expensive as a day-school education, and therefore it is too costly for the State to subsidise. Actually, a public school where the fees are £150 per annum provides a boy with board, lodging and tuition for about thirty-six weeks in the year at the rate of about £4 a week. The same boy would probably cost about 22s. 6d. a week if he were living at home, while the cost of his education at a good day-school could scarcely be less than £1 a week (though the fees charged to parents might be considerably less than this owing to State aid). Which means, nevertheless, that a good boarding-school education costs only about twice as much as a good day-school education.

Another problem for the Fleming Committee involves the future of private preparatory schools, where the normal age of entry is eight years, just as the normal age of entry at a public school is thirteen years. In each case, the average length of time spent by the boy is five years. In the State system, the junior-elementary-school course is for boys between seven and eleven years of age, followed by a three-year course in the senior elementary school. When the school-leaving age is raised to fifteen years, there will be a four-year junior course, followed by a four-year senior course. Children who leave the elementary school at eleven to proceed to a secondary (grammar) school, normally have a five-year course from eleven to sixteen, only a very few staying on till they are eighteen. If it is thought desirable that elementary school children should go to public schools, how is the two-years gap between the age of leaving the junior school and the age of entering the public school to be bridged? Of course, all children could go to a common day-school until they are eleven, and then be sent to a residential preparatory school under State control for the next two years.

Any anxiety among the Old School Tie brigade that a barrier of speech would automatically arise between the elementary schoolboy and the public schoolboy can be rapidly allayed. Having just been to a series of Primary Training Centres and Young Soldiers' Regiments, I can say with certainty that the public schoolboys almost invariably find their best friends among boys of a different class.

Dress reform would, of course, be necessary in several schools if elementary boys were enabled to go to them. Tail-coats, Eton collars, unusual straw hats and other interesting survivals would have to disappear. All boys, too, would have to have the same amount of pocket-money, and private food parcels from home or local shops would have to be forbidden.

Many people seem to think that the public schools have always set their face against any scheme such as the Fleming Committee is endeavouring to work out. But this is far from the truth. In 1919, representatives of the Headmasters' Conference offered in a body to open their doors to elementary school children. Sir Frank Fletcher, the headmaster of Charterhouse and chairman of the Conference, has since told what happened at this meeting: "I put forward from the chair a proposal, which was accepted, that the schools which could afford to give pensions without applying for State aid should voluntarily accept the same conditions of State service as those which applied for and received it. We were prepared to offer as a voluntary service—or rather, to claim as a privilege—that share in the education of ex-elementary schoolboys which was demanded by the State from the other schools."

This offer was taken by Sir Frank Fletcher, Dr. Alington, of Eton, and Dr. Norwood, of Marlborough, to Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the President of the Board of Education. They were told by Mr. Fisher, however, that there was no demand for places in public schools for ex-elementary schoolboys, but that the Board of Education appreciated this desire to co-operate, and would call on the public schools if the need and opportunity arose.

Sir Frank Fletcher's comment on this reply is instructive. He said that it was eminently desirable, both for the public schools and the country, that such boys should be admitted to public schools; that the opposition to their admission had never come from the public schools; and that the obstacles to their admission were practical and financial, and in no sense social.

Later, Mr. Fisher wrote to Sir Frank Fletcher, saying that he thought that the public schools could render the best service by educating the promising pupils from other schools at a relatively late age—say fifteen and over. In fact, he finally disposed of the charge frequently heard to-day that the present willingness of the boarding-schools to discuss the admission of boys from the elementary schools is a case of death-bed repentance.

The position and functions of the Board of Education are naturally vital to the future of education in this country, and it is high time that the educational powers exercised by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries (Agricultural education), the Ministry of Health (Poor Law residential schools), the Home Office (approved residential schools for delinquents) and the Ministry of Labour (occupational centres for low-grade mental defectives) should be transferred to the Board of Education. In fact, it might not be a bad idea to have a Minister of Children.

Educational progress at the moment depends, not only on the Board of Education, but on local education authorities, school governors and managers, teachers, employers, parents and the general public. Again, to quote my brother John, the only remedy seems to be a change in the Board's attitude to publicity and a great strengthening of its Intelligence and Public Relations Department. The amateur editing of many recent reports has seriously limited their usefulness, and closer co-operation with the national Press is imperative. This side of the work should be in the hands of an experienced educational journalist, on whose advice statements of official policy or corrections of popular errors should be sent from time to time to the leading newspapers and journals.

Another officer might concern himself with the enlightenment of those actually engaged in the administration of education. A newly-appointed county councillor, for example, would surely welcome a short booklet outlining the national system of education and the financial relationship between central and local authorities. Booklets for employers and parents, consisting largely of information about local facilities, should also be published. In these and other ways, accurate educational knowledge could be diffused far and wide, and its effect on educational progress would be immense.

In the meantime, one waits with interest the news of the deliberations of the past twelve months of the Fleming Committee.

A SCHOOL FOR BELGIAN REFUGEES IN LONDON: Among the many interesting schools in this country just now are those being run by the various Allied Governments for refugee children. The Belgians alone have seventeen such schools—nine of them in London—each attended by 300 children. This picture was taken during a singing class at one of them

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Old boys' letters speak for themselves. Here is an extract from one: "The *Arethusa* was a grand ship and did me a very good turn. My first trip at sea was to take Lord . . . to America, chase the enemy, and to be in action against the *Bismarck*." He left the training ship in 1939. Please support this grand work. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

PICTURES of HOME FRONT ACTIVITIES

A SCENE FROM THE BRITISH FILM, "THE SILENT VILLAGE"—The men of the village are to die, but they face their executioners with an anthem on their lips. The Germans added Lidice to their list of shameful deeds on June 10 last year—razing this Czech village to the ground "as a reprisal for the killing of Heidrich"; wiping out its name from official records; putting the male population to death. Marking the first anniversary of this mass murder, the Crown Film Unit have produced *The Silent Village*, a film made in the little Welsh mining settlement of Cwngiedd, re-enacting the horror of Lidice and picturing what might have happened in the peaceful Welsh valleys if the Gestapo had crossed the Channel. Two scenes from this film are given here

LIKE A CHARTIST MEETING IN WALES OF THE LAST CENTURY, four of the villagers meet to discuss methods of fighting the Nazi occupation of their village. A scene from "The Silent Village" film

A NEW VOSPER AIR-SEA RESCUE LAUNCH undergoes its trials at full speed: A new type of high-speed launch for the Air-Sea Rescue Service is now in commission. It is 73 ft. long and has been designed by Vosper's to meet the special requirements of the Rescue Service. Ability to put to sea in all weathers and bring back survivors of a crashed aircraft, possibly wounded, in the maximum of comfort and minimum of time, is of the greatest importance. The hospital, in which are carried the rescued airmen, is arranged in the best part of the boat amidships, abaft the navigating bridge and half-sunk into the deck. This ensures ease of access for stretchers. Complete wireless equipment is incorporated in order to assist the work of locating airmen and communicating with the shore or aircraft

REMOVING THE SHEEP'S OVERCOATS: Mr. J. Ashley, a shepherd well known throughout Kent, shears his flock with the aid of a machine. Shearing is now general throughout the southern counties, and the wool is going towards the country's war effort

WALLS TO REPLACE FENCES IN THE CITY OF LONDON: All City basements and excavations left by bombed-out buildings, previously walled off by fencing, are now to have brick walls. The Corporation have issued these instructions following a serious mishap in the basement of a demolished building in Ludgate Hill. The wooden fences which previously formed the safety-barrier are to be pulled down. This picture was taken near Charterhouse Street, where the new safety walls are being erected around the deep sites of blitzed buildings

A ROYAL HUNTING-LODGE IS NOW A WARTIME NURSERY. Warwick Lodge, at Melton Mowbray, Leicester (the former country home of the Duke of Gloucester), which in peacetime saw many gay hunting-parties, is now a residential nursery for small children from blitzed areas. This fine mansion has been taken over by Mrs. R. W. van Rensselaer, a wealthy American society woman resident in this country. She not only bears the running costs, but also takes an active interest in the welfare of the children

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WAR BOOKS AND NEW NOVELS

An Instructive, "Germany-from-within" Account ; British Children Abroad ; The Life of a Roman Tribune ; A Cat-lovers' Classic

A GOOD newspaperman on modern Germany is always worth reading, and Mr. Louis Lochner, chief of the Associated Press in Berlin up to December 1941, is no exception to this rule. Mr. Lochner had fourteen years' experience of that country and spent his last five months there interned at Bad Nauheim. His position as head of one of the greatest international news agencies gave him at least for a time a peculiar independence and an unrivalled vantage point for the gathering of news.

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY ? (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), in spite of keeping pretty closely to the pattern of such "I-knew-it-when" books, has some really new and instructive material in it, in the shape of extracts from official instructions to the Press from the Propaganda Ministry. Mr. Lochner's analysis, too, of the economic origins of Nazism is revealing and fair. His position enabled him to study the events that led to the rise of Nazism, and when they were in power he had unrivalled opportunities for seeing the New Order in action. More often than not he saw more than he was meant to.

Here are pictures of all the Nazi chiefs, described informally, with accounts of the concentration camps, the Siegfried Line, the battlefronts, the Gestapo, the Press, the military organisation, the control of propaganda, and all the vast machine of a country so soon to be engaged in total war.

Mr. Lochner is no disciple of Lord Vansittart, although he holds the view that Hitler *must* be beaten, that Hitler *can* be beaten and that Hitler *will* be beaten. In conclusion, he writes :

"There are men of goodwill in Germany, just as there are such men everywhere in the world. In proportion as we can encourage such men with assurances that they, too, will have a share in the construction of a real New Order, in proportion as we furnish them with propaganda material and other aids for carrying on their struggle against Hitlerism, will the mistakes of Versailles be avoided, will this war be shortened, a quicker victory assured, and the foundation laid for a peace that will give promise of enduring."

In the summer of 1940, more than 3,000 children were evacuated from Britain to America and to various parts of the Empire. We have perhaps heard more about those who went to the United States, but Miss Jean Lorimer has done an excellent piece of research work on the stories of the boys and girls who found new homes, none the less happy for being in most cases temporary, in the Dominions.

PILGRIM CHILDREN (Muller. 6s.) tells the stories of many of them through the medium of their own letters home, and the welcome letters of their foster-parents. If the book proves anything, beyond the heartening degree of kindliness there still is in the world, it is that these children have made excellent propagandists for this country, and will be just as effective about their host-countries when they return.

In some cases, where the children have been particularly happy, their parents have already planned to emigrate to the new homes after the war. As Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare says in his foreword, "At any rate, many of the children sent overseas will desire to settle in the land of their adoption. Before they do so, they will come back to Britain, for they have been promised a free voyage home, and I imagine they will not let that opportunity go by. Thereafter, many of them will probably wish to return to the new lands that gave them shelter in wartime, for they have dreamed dreams and seen visions of broad horizons."

ROGATION SUNDAY : The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich held a service in the barn after going into the fields and blessing the crops at Columbyne Hall, Stowupland, near Stowmarket. Columbyne Hall is a farm under the control of the County Agricultural Committee, where there is a hostel for Land Army girls. Numbers of the latter were present at the service. This picture was taken as the procession passed through the farm on the way to the barn

SAVE ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

BLESSING THE CROPS : The Bishop of Salisbury leading a procession of parishioners and members of Young Farmers' Clubs and the Women's Land Army at the traditional Rogation Sunday service of blessing the crops at Erlestoke and Coulston, in Wiltshire. The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. R. S. Hudson, who farms in this district, read the lesson at the service in a wheatfield

The Children's Overseas Reception Scheme, to which this little book is a happy illustration, was authorised in June 1940 on the day that France fell, and ended on October 3 of the same year after the sinking of the children's ship, *City of Benares*. It was during this short period that 3,500 children were sent abroad, and at the moment of suspension 18,000 more children, all medically examined, and with all the complicated preliminaries completed, were ready to embark, and another 200,000 or so had had applications filed.

But the seas had become too dangerous for them, and the scheme had to be abandoned. It is of the reactions and adventures of a few of the fortunate thousands that Miss Lorimer has made her account, and it makes most gratifying reading.

THE ROBE (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is a vastly long novel on the life of a young Roman tribune. Marcellus Gallio is the officer-in-charge of the soldiers at the Crucifixion of the Galilean. The death, and all its circumstances, disturb him profoundly, although it is reasonable to suppose that it was by no means the first such execution that he had witnessed. Afterwards, gambling for the clothes beneath the Cross, he wins the robe. And it is this which finally causes his conversion to that most dangerous of religions at that time—the Christian.

Before that happens, however, he has returned to Rome, where his family have grave doubts of his sanity ; has been sent to Athens to recuperate ; has made a tour of Galilee to learn more about the teachings of Jesus and has, after much hesitation, become a Christian himself. Strong in his faith, he returns to Rome, where he attempts to persuade the old Emperor to adopt his own beliefs. He fails, and with his young Roman wife is sentenced to death by Caligula.

The nobility of this theme is, in my view, no valid reason for the physical size of the novel, which is within two or three pages of the 500 mark. A great deal longer, in other words, than the Gospels themselves. Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas has done a good and imaginative piece of work. He has appreciated the force of colloquial dialogue and has known how to revive dim colourings. But there are indications that he has mistaken profusion for strength.

I shall have to use the greatest restraint in writing of Mrs. Eleanor Farjeon's new book, GOLDEN CONEY (Joseph. 6s.), since it concerns cats and their worship—a subject to whose discussion I am not addicted. Mrs. Farjeon, on the other hand, feels very, very strongly about cats, and every degree of her feelings is favourable.

Her little book has one hero, the honey-coloured God of the Tiles, but it has five or six other minor protagonists. To her, cats are people, whether picking their way delicately along backyard fences, or causing the air to "throb with love and maternity" ; to me, cats are cats, and I don't care for them. Therefore I can only attempt to judge this book on its literary merits, which are considerable, and on the quality of the poetic rapture which the author has brought to bear on her subject.

Recommended without reservation to all those who like the breed.

Miss Christine Whiting Parmenter's novel is well named A GOLDEN AGE (Methuen. 8s. 6d.). It is a story of home life in the 80's in a small American town, and it breeds a spirit of security and of a welcome kind of material solidity.

Those were days when a man could plan for his family, and when he had a reasonable expectation that conditions would not fundamentally have altered by the time his son came of age. Domestic conditions seem to have been as idyllic. Mama could get extra help for a dinner-party or for jam-making, and the children could count on a friendly atmosphere and a well-filled kitchen. The front door of this particular little Massachusetts house never seems to have opened on strain or overwork or worry—at least, not on worry more grave than might be occasioned by the escapades of a neighbour's pretty daughter.

There is everything of nostalgia here ; a nostalgia for the placid, even tenor of a lost way of life, and for its small-scale delights and satisfying monotony.

Mr. Peter Conway is a prolific author whose latest novel, THOSE THAT HAVE EYES (Faber. 8s. 6d.), deals once more with the medical profession. It concerns the activities of a Dr. David Nayle, a distinguished Harley Street specialist engaged on chemo-therapeutic research, who produces a new drug. He discovers that his experimental rabbits survive it only if kept in a dark room two hours after the injection, since exposure to light causes immediate heart failure.

The doctor's life resembles the policeman's in some respects : it is not a happy one. Before the end of the book, which meanders surprisingly for a tale filled with violence, he is involved with apparent murder, with love and terror and with an attempted suicide. However, all ends in a moderately satisfactory way, with gold medals bestowed in the appropriate direction and true love finding its reward.

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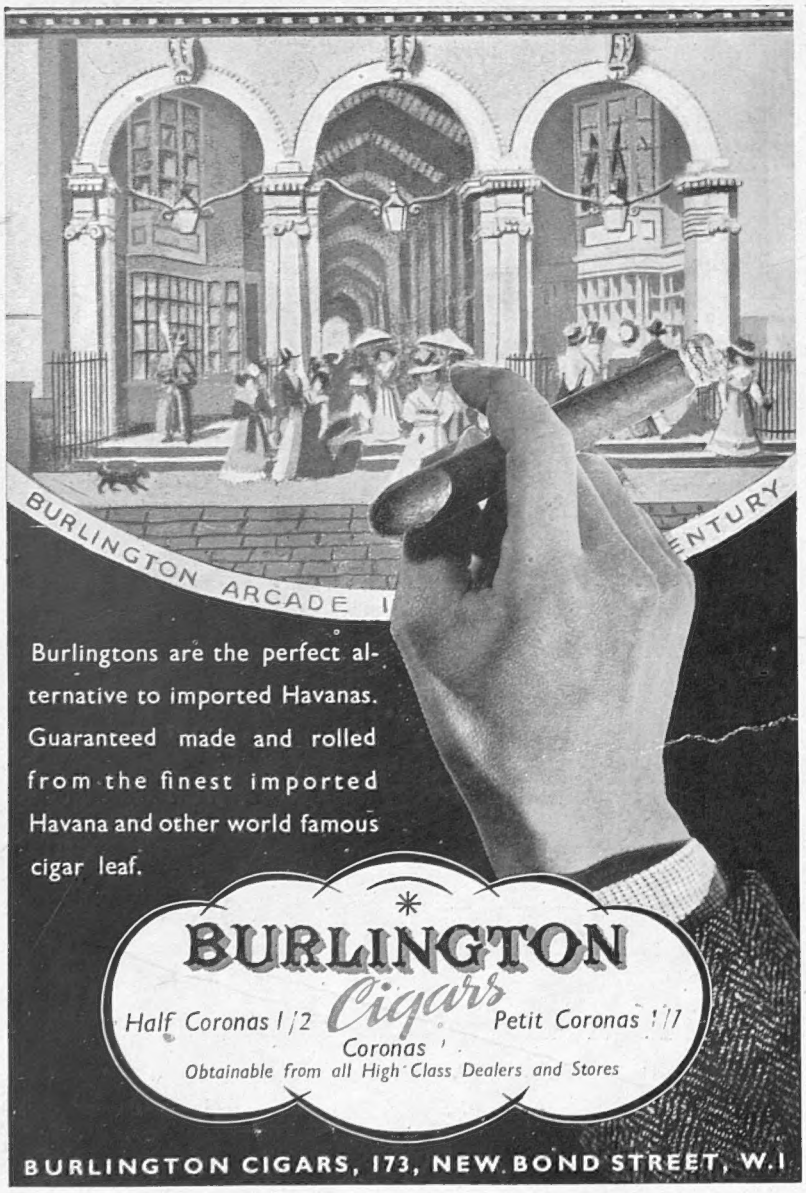

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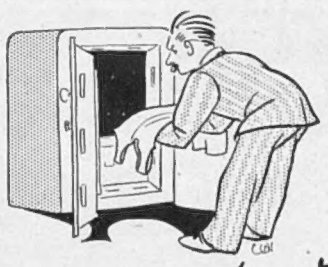

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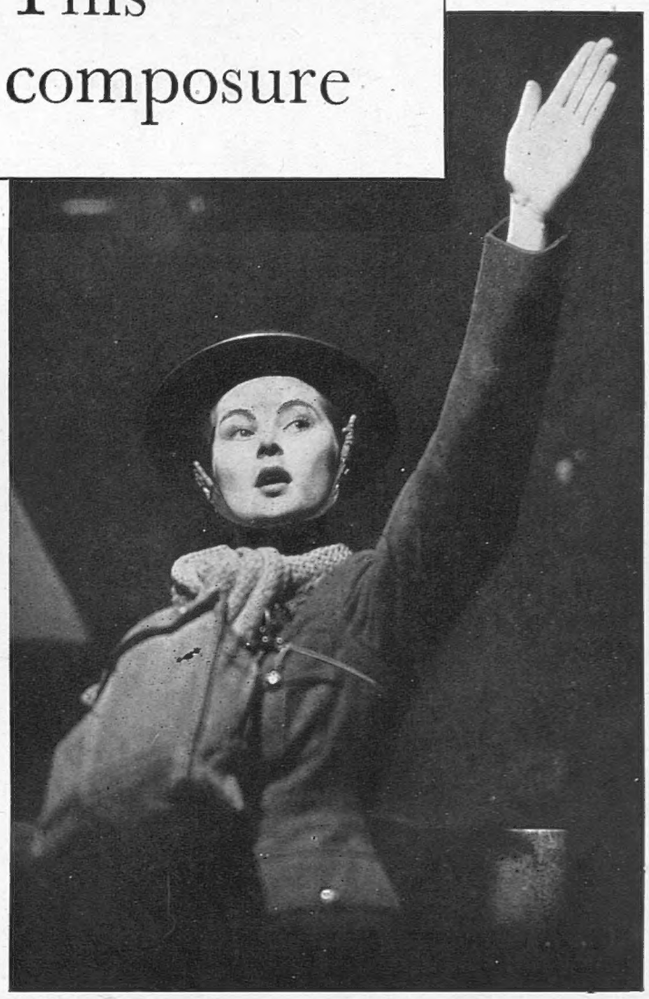

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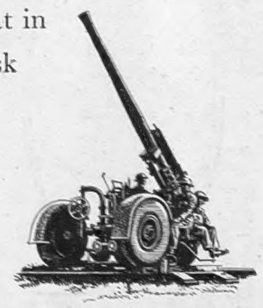

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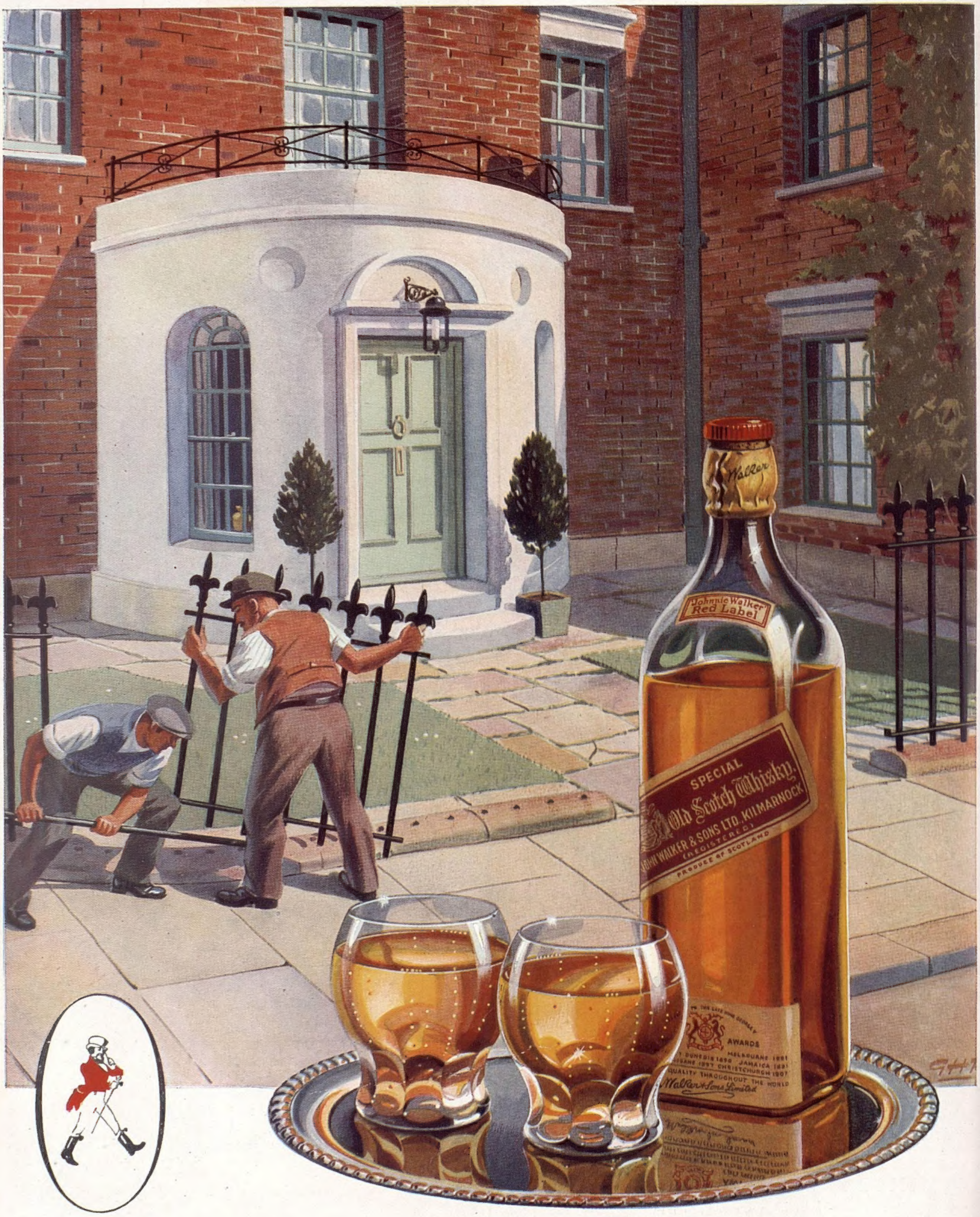

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